The
Italian Novelists

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

VOL. IV.

Drawn by T. Mills. Engraved by C. Westwood.

Page 91.

LONDON.
Printed for W. SIMPKIN & R. MARSHALL, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street.
1826.

THE ITALIAN NOVELISTS:

SELECTED FROM THE

MOST APPROVED AUTHORS

IN

THAT LANGUAGE;

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD DOWN TO THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY:

ARRANGED

IN AN HISTORICAL AND CHRONOLOGICAL SERIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

ORIGINAL ITALIAN.

ACCOMPANIED WITH

NOTES, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

By THOMAS ROSCOE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL,

STATIONERS'-HALL COURT.

1827.

Sarfojee Rajah. 1830

CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

NOVELS OF MAIOLINO BISACCIONI.

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE 3

NOVELLA IX. Rolando Crescenzi, of Verona, joins the party of the Guelfs, and marries Eufemia, daughter of Pietro Maladura: Eufemia is captured by Rinaldo of Ferrara, a partisan of the Ghibelline faction, who endeavours to carry her off to a castle of his own, but is encountered and worsted by Rolando; the latter is ultimately banished for ever from Verona, and his wife, attending him through all his misfortunes, dies in his arms 7

NOVELLA X. Constanzo having been taken by the Turks, is redeemed by Eurispe, and enters into her service as steward; an attachment takes place between them, and Eurispe consents to marry him, but subsequently retracts her promise, and induces Constanzo to espouse Lesbia; after their marriage, her love for Constanzo revives, and reproaching him with ingratitude, she leaves her home; Constanzo attempting to follow and soothe her, is stabbed by her, and dies 27

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

MICHELE COLOMBO.

PAGE

Introductory Notice 61

Novella. Gilbert, entering a wood for the purpose of gathering faggots, ties his ass to a tree. Father Timothy finding it there, sends his brother Anthony with it to the Convent, and takes its place; Gilbert, returning from the wood, is astonished at the metamorphosis, and takes the friar home with him to supper; some days after he meets with his ass at a fair, and believing that it is Father Timothy, buys it, and fosters the beast with so much indulgence that he becomes vicious and scandalous, and finally dies impenitent 65

SCIPIONE BARGAGLI.

Introductory Notice 83

Part II, Novella I. Ippolito de' Saracini is enamoured of Gangenova de' Salimbeni; and, both being thwarted in their affection, meet with a deplorable death . . . 86

GIOVANNI BOTTARI.

Introductory Notice 109

Novella I. A monk leaves his convent to console his widowed mother, and arrange the affairs of his family, from which the abbot vehemently dissuades him, declaring his intention to be a suggestion of the devil: the monk persists, and begins his journey, in which he is disappointed, and incurs many dreadful dangers, from which he is, by the divine aid, at last delivered 111

AR 7.4

ALBERGATI CAPACELLI.

PAGE
INTRODUCTORY NOTICE 131
NOVELLA II. The Pleasures of Beneficence 134

FRANCESCO SOAVE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE 149
NOVELLA II. Alimek, or the Pursuit of Happiness . . . 150
NOVELLA III. A soldier on guard is relieved during a cold night, by his betrothed wife; but his absence being discovered, he is condemned to die: the maiden, by her intercessions and prayers, procures his pardon, and they are united in marriage 167

GIANFRANCESCO ALTANESI.

NOVELLA I. The Pleasures of Friendship 175
NOVELLA II. The true Friend 185

COUNT LORENZO MAGALOTTI.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE 197
NOVELLA I. The unfortunate and innocent loves of Sigismond, Count d'Arco, and the Princess Claudia Felice of Inspruck, afterwards Empress of Germany 199

CARLO LODOLI.

NOVELLA II. The Doctor and the Ass 239
NOVELLA IV. Democritus and his Scholar 244

DOMENICO MARIA MANNI.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE 249

PAGE

Novella I. Ginevra degli Amieri is beloved by Antonio Rondinelli, but compelled to marry Francesco Agolanti: in the year of the great plague, Ginevra is taken sick, and having apparently expired, is buried: she releases herself from the tomb, and not being admitted by her husband and friends, takes refuge with Antonio, and is married to him 251

AUTORE IGNOTO.

Novella. Story of a Persian peasant, who is cheated by three thieves 263

GIROLAMO PADOVANI.

Novella I. Inculcating the Virtue of Modesty . . . 269

LUIGI SANVITALE.

Novella I. The Emperor Augustus reproves Vedio Pollione, for his luxury and cruelty 283

Novella XII. A cavalier, having been robbed by the distressed father of a family, follows him and relieves their necessities 286

COUNT CARLO GOZZI.

Introductory Notice 291

Novella I. A young nobleman having thrown down his horse, a multitude of people endeavour in vain to raise it: Battista Moscione, passing by, reproves them, and promises to do wonders: when they anxiously watch his motions, he gives them a piece of unexpected advice, and leaves them in astonishment 294

PAGE

Novella VII. Messer Gherardo Benvenga, a merchant, loses ten sequins out of his purse, and finds in their place a valuable bracelet: he recovers his money, and restores the bracelet, in a manner sufficiently curious 299

Novella VIII. Carlo Foschino, Girolamo Petrani, and Menico Cedola, go to steal grapes in the night: they are pursued by armed villagers, but, after a dreadful panic, they succeed, by means of an artful stratagem, in effecting their escape, unhurt, and loaded with excellent grapes . 309

LUIGI BRAMIERI.

Historical Novel, drawn from the Roman Annals, entitled "Instance of Fraternal Affection" 319

ROBUSTIANO GIRONI.

Novella. The fatal consequences of an inclination in youth to emancipate themselves from the parental control . . . 329

Novels of Maiolino Bisaccioni.

MAIOLINO BISACCIONI.*

One of the most distinguished characters who flourished during the close of the sixteenth, and the earlier part of the seventeenth centuries, no less remarkable for the eminence, than for the diversity of his talents. Though both a very voluminous and esteemed author, he was also a soldier and a man of the world ; and still more celebrated, according to Tiraboschi, for his adventures than for his writings. Yet there were few subjects upon which he did not exercise his pen, in addition to his claims as a writer of fiction, in which he appears to greater advantage than most of his contemporaries. In history, biography, controversial criticism, and the drama, his productions are very numerous as well as respectable, a fact, of which we should be sorry to convince our readers by presenting them with the entire critical list of his works, appended to his memoirs, as furnished

* Il Porto, Novelle più vere, che finte. In Venezia, per gli Eredi di Francesco Scorti, 1664, 12mo. Sono XII. Novelle che si fingono raccontate da alcuni Passageri sopra una nave, mentre questa era vicina per entrare in *porto*.

by the learned and voluminous Mazzuchelli. From him we learn,* that the subject of our remarks was born at Ferrara in the year 1582; the son of Giralamo Bisaccioni and Lucia Trotti, both sprung from ancient families belonging to the city of Jesi; though by some falsely supposed of Venetian origin. His career was a tissue of adventures, resembling rather the incidents of one of his own romances, than the probable events of life, and highly deserving of more particular elucidation. He pursued his early studies at Bologna, equally devoting himself to polite letters and to law, in which last he obtained a doctor's degree. But his natural vivacity and love of enterprise were not long to be restrained within the precincts of a college; he applied himself to military tactics; wrote upon the subject; and, when little more than sixteen, entered into the service of the Venetian republic, conducting his first campaigns under the Count di Fuentes, Governor of Milan. While stationed at the fortress of Orgi Nuovi, in the state of Brescia, he fought in single combat a veteran captain of the name of Domenico Cresti. In 1601, he was at the siege of Canisca, a city bordering on the Hungarian territories, where under the command of his uncle, at the head of the Pontifical troops, he gave

* Scrittori d'Italia, tom. ii. pp. 11, 12, 64.

several striking proofs of his skill and bravery. Upon his return to Italy in 1603, he engaged in another duel with Alessandro Gonzaga, his commander, and being expelled in consequence from the ecclesiastical state, he retired into the Duchy of Modena, where he availed himself of his legal talents; attaining, in the year 1610, to the office of Podestà at Baiso, in which he conciliated the esteem of the lords of Scandiano. Unfortunately, however, he was there accused, before the duke, of having aimed a musket-shot at a certain Dominican; a charge upon which he was thrown into prison: but his innocence being proved, he received additional favour and promotion from the duke. Soon after he united a military and civil jurisdiction under the Prince of Correggio, who likewise honoured him with his friendship. This, nevertheless, if we are to credit his own letters, did not prevent a duel taking place between the prince and himself; as he appears always to have made a merit of fighting with his commanders. At this period he wrote his famous libel against Fulvio Testi, equally scurrilous and rare. Entering next into the army of the Prince of Moldavia, he rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and was present at the famous defence of the bridge of Vienna, where, with Count Bucoy, and only five others, he sustained a furious attack of the enemy, until the arrival of fresh aid.

In the year 1622, he executed several diplomatic commissions of great importance, under the Pontificate of Gregory XV.; and while at Naples he was elected a member of the academy of the Oziosi, or Idlers, an honour to which he could lay little claim. Subsequently he was employed as a minister and ambassador at different courts, in all which he greatly distinguished himself, besides finding time to fight two more duels, and to compose the volume of novels, which has afforded us the pleasure of doing some justice to his manifold merits, and presenting the reader with a specimen or two. Their author died in the year 1663, in an academy entitled degli Incogniti, of which he was a member; and though enjoying the title of a marquess, according to Mazzuchelli, by the ingratitude of princes, fell a victim to neglect and penury.

MAIOLINO BISACCIONI.

NOVELLA IX.

We can scarcely, perhaps, bestow too great praise upon the noble and generous example of Silonia, a daughter of Leonidas, king of Sparta, who preferred sharing the fortunes of her husband, Cleombrotus, to all the admiration, the flattery, and the delights of her father's court. Though he was an exile, a traitor, and justly punished as the unlawful usurper of her father's throne, yet she never deserted his side, she partook his hardships, she relieved his sorrows, and remained constant, when all he had in the world besides, had failed him. Nor a less memorable instance is that which occurred during the unhappy feuds occasioned by the Guelfs and Ghibellines in Italy. It was then that Rolando Crescenzi, a partizan of the Imperial faction, being banished from his native city of Verona on account of having killed one of the Monticoli, a principal leader of the Ghibellines, in the same cause, from some motives of pri-

vate revenge, was induced, in order to obtain employment, to join the party of the Guelfs; for it was impossible indeed, that he could ever more be reconciled to the friends of the Monticoli; while the Guelfs on their part did every thing in their power to secure so brave an ally in their interests, proposing, among the rest, to confer upon him the hand of the beautiful Eufemia, daughter of Pietro Maladura, one of the chiefs of the Sambonifaci, and the most renowned member of the faction he served. But it was long before Rolando could prevail with himself to renounce all his former ties, his kindred, and the cause to which he had been devoted from his birth; however much he was stung by the reflection that he had been sacrificed, even by his own relatives, to satisfy the vengeance of the Monticoli for the loss of their kinsman, whom he had slain hand to hand. These last reasons, however, acquiring force from the sight of the charming Eufemia, no less than from the circumstances in which he was placed, he boldly took the proffered oath, and sealed his fidelity to the new cause by his nuptials with the fair girl. These were celebrated with the utmost pomp and festivity, the Guelfs boasting that they had, for the first time, converted a Jew to the true faith, while the Ghibellines, among whom his relations hung their heads with

grief and shame, were loud in their threats of indignation and revenge. A heavy price was put upon his head, and their fury was at its height when they found that he had accompanied Azzo, Marquess D'Este, in his attack upon Verona, in which he had chased the Monticoli out of the place before him.

Even when there was a prospect of some accommodation between the parties, it was stipulated, by Messer Marino Zeno, Podestà of Verona, that Rolando, as cut off from all reconciliation, should not be included in it; a proposal which the Sambonifaci, much to their honour, rejected, refusing thus to abandon their new friend. The most unbounded attachment and confidence subsisted, likewise, between the lovely Eufemia and her consort; and such was her affection, that she even insisted upon accompanying him in his campaigns. On their return into Verona, the Guelfs elected the Count Ricciardo Sambonifaccio for their Podestà; and soon after they were involved in a war against Salinguerra, Podestà of Ferrara, undertaken by the latter at the instigation of his brother. His name was Rinaldo, and he had formerly indulged a passion for the fair Eufemia, while staying at Verona, and had offered her his hand, which was refused on account of his connexion with the Ghibellines. When he heard, however, that she had been bestowed upon

one of the same party, his rage knew no bounds ; he left no means untried to inflame the leaders of the Ghibellines against the people of Verona, and disguising his private animosity, as too frequently happens, under public motives, he succeeded in raising many armed bands, which he united to the forces of the Ghibellines. With these he marched towards Verona, and after several warm engagements, with variable success, the army of the Guelfs was routed in a general conflict, and many of the chief leaders and gentlemen of Verona, together with the beautiful Eufemia, were carried prisoners into the enemy's camp. Though Rolando made the most desperate efforts to turn the fortune of the day, he was overpowered by numbers, and compelled to fly ; while his foe, returning with his fair prize to Ferrara, immediately repaired to the palace of his brother, the Podestà. There, in delivering an account of the prisoners, he informed him that he had only one favour to ask, which without requiring to know it, Salinguerra very easily granted him. Rinaldo then acquainted him with his capture of Eufemia, upon which his brother, suddenly changing his tone, begged to remind him of the possibility of a treaty, at some future period, with the Veronese, and that therefore they ought to conduct themselves with caution ; that

he would willingly entrust him with the care of all the prisoners, provided he would be at any time prepared to make exchange or restitution when their names were called over. "Impose what conditions you please," replied the wily Rinaldo, fearful lest his brother should penetrate into his motives; "only grant me the favour I request." "On the condition," rejoined Salinguerra, "of permitting me to behold the person whom you wish to retain." "There is no necessity for that," said his brother. "But I must insist upon that, Rinaldo; it is my bounden duty, in the office I fill, to myself and to the people: I cannot and will not dispense with it." Rinaldo was, upon this, compelled to bring forward the beautiful Eufemia, who immediately fell at Salinguerra's feet, crying, "Have pity on me, noble lord! have pity on the most unfortunate of captives! I know it is my duty to submit; but surely courtesy and honour are not banished from your breast. Let the vanquished appeal not in vain to the victor; or give me death, rather than yield me a slave into any hands save those of the public. For my noble friends would rather see me dead before their eyes, than entrusted to any private charge." Affected by the grief which she manifested, Salinguerra, turning towards his brother, said, "It is true I gave my

promise that you should reserve for yourself one of the prisoners; but in regard to this young lady, I trust you will not think I forfeit it when I say that I dare not permit you to retain possession of her; nor can I surmise how she should have been found in the company of heroes in the field. If nobly sharing the fortunes of a lover or a husband, her claims to our protection must be held sacred. Besides, you have in part deceived me in your representations: no, Rinaldo, I cannot venture to give you unlimited power over her." Embracing his knees, the sweet lady could only weep her thanks, while the rising colour and the flashing eye told the ill suppressed rage which shook the soul of his brother. "Do you doubt me?" he cried; "do you tell me to my face, that you dare to doubt her safety or my honour? Then I swear I will not be juggled out of my just rights: I will have them; I will hold you to your promise. She is mine by the laws of war. I took her bearing arms; with my own hand I took her captive, at the side of her husband. And recollect, Salinguerra, that your command here does not extend beyond the bounds of justice: she is mine, I say, to liberate or to exchange, according to the fortune of war; and I will allow no man to interfere. Dare to retain her, and I will appeal to the justice of

our courts, and should they fail me, I will enforce my own rights," laying his hand upon his sword, "as I have before enforced them." "It is well," replied Salinguerra, "that you are in love, and are my brother, and may therefore use as many warm words as you please; but, at the same time, I am chief magistrate here, and as such, young signor, must exact your obedience. If you feel yourself aggrieved in consequence, you may appeal to the commune of Ferrara, just alike to all." And at this moment, when Rinaldo's passion nearly choked his words, a trumpet was heard at the palace gate, and an immediate audience was requested of the Podestà. "To the most mighty military champion, and upright judge of this city, Rolando Crescenzi, noble citizen of Verona, sends greeting, with the authority of Count Ricciardo Sambonifaccio, Podestà, to learn by word of mouth from the present messenger, whether among the noble Veronese prisoners is to be found a lady, named Eufemia, daughter of Pietro Maladura, who, bravely sharing her husband's misfortunes, and following him into the field, is supposed to have been taken captive by his enemies. Her wounded husband, unable to afford her succour, now sends, offering worthy exchange or ransom, nothing doubting to obtain justice from the courtesy of brave cavaliers, who war not

against women, and who nobly bury private feuds in the public laws of honour and humanity. He, moreover, doubts not but she will in the mean while be treated with all the respect and tenderness due to her sex and station, respected even by the most barbarous nations in the world." To this embassy Salinguerra replied, "Go, return to those that sent you; say that the lady is in good hands, and will be cherished and honoured as such a lady ought to be. That moreover the Podestà will shortly take measures with the council to fix upon her ransom or exchange, not having at this time ascertained what number and quality of his own party remain in your hands. You may now see and speak with the lady, who will afterwards be entrusted to the hands of one of the most honourable matrons in the city." While Eufemia was engaged with the messenger, Salinguerra, turning towards his brother, said in a mild and conciliatory tone, "You see, dear Rolando, this is no question of a mere girl, and a common love affair. The lady is the wife of a noble cavalier related to one of the first families in Verona; and you ought never, knowing such to be the fact, to have requested me to yield her to you, a step which would have drawn down equal infamy upon you and upon her husband. Though he be our enemy, he is a

public enemy, and he is no longer your rival; inasmuch as her father, after refusing your suit, has conferred her upon another." Rinaldo was silent; but rage and disappointment were struggling in his breast, as he turned away with an expression of contempt and indignation.

In the mean time Eufemia, having tenderly inquired after her consort's health, his wounds, and what were the exact words he had sent to her, dismissed his messenger with the following tender remembrances: "Tell my dear lord the joy you have here witnessed, on our hearing that he was safe, and likely to do well. Say, that under all our misfortunes, the good wishes of our fellow citizens are with us; that for his sake I will patiently bear my captivity; and that I never cease to think of him, and to pray for him, trusting to rejoin him soon."

At these words, Rinaldo, biting his lips with bitter jealousy and rage, rushed out of the palace; while Salinguerra, ordering the rest of the prisoners to be properly disposed of, assigned apartments to Eufemia under his own roof, until he had acquainted a noble lady, Madonna Lavinia Trotti, with his purpose of placing her under her charge. She was a widow, related to one of the most distinguished families in the

place, whose kindness and humanity were well known to the Podestà; and on conveying the lady thither, she was received and treated with the utmost tenderness and affection, even as if she had been a daughter. Madonna Lavinia gave her several noble apartments suited to her rank, overlooking some beautiful grounds and gardens, and one of her favourite maids, called Bianca, to attend upon her. This girl was of a lively and agreeable turn, although her mistress was much devoted to works of charity and devotion.

Rinaldo, who had continued to keep a strict watch upon the motions of his fair captive, was greatly disturbed, when he heard she had been consigned to the care of a lady of such well known piety and integrity, but he could not prevail upon himself to abandon the enterprize. While he was devising some plan by which he might get her into his power, he affected perfect reconciliation with his brother. He had already engaged in his confidence one of his own knights, of the name of Tarquinio, of specious person and manners, and a creature every way adapted to his purpose. After stating the whole affair, and exclaiming against the injustice of his brother, Rinaldo consulted with him in regard to the manner in which he might best proceed. Tarquinio, having considered for some time,

at length informed him, that he could point out the means of recovering the lady, were he resolved to assist him in the task; for without mutual support they would both run great risk of certain destruction. "If you flinch not in the moment of danger, my lord, you may depend both upon me and upon my friends, who are always prepared to go through with the affair which is entrusted to them. "Doubt not me, villain," cried Rinaldo; "for I care not though the sky fall, so I revenge myself upon my enemies, and obtain possession of my wishes." "I have only two things to request, then," said his friend, "that you will, if possible, delay the time of her ransom, and fix upon the place where you would wish her to be conducted, and I will take care to inform you when she arrives there." "Do this," cried Rinaldo, embracing him in the fervour of his gratitude; "do this, and you shall thenceforth stand nearer to me than my best friend or brother." The strength of his passion, and his desire of revenge, led him thus to sacrifice his honour and his dignity, placing himself in the power of a wretch, who was henceforth to be no longer his servant, but his equal. In pursuance of his design, Rinaldo won over to his interests, though without betraying his motives, several of the leading characters in the city. He had suf-

ficient influence to persuade them, that the Veronese were endeavouring to tamper with his brother, and to recover, without a fair remuneration, the prisoners whom he had captured in the last battle, especially a young amazon, who had been mad enough to follow her husband into the field. "Were such an advantage rightly applied on the other hand, we might soon bring the Veronese to a more submissive deportment, the lady being the consort of one of the favourite leaders of the Guelfs, and a daughter of the celebrated house of Sambonifaccio. If you are really interested, then, in the welfare of our country, you will consult with your colleagues and the whole commune, and unite in opposing the Podestà's design of delivering her up with the other prisoners, without adequate concessions on the part of the Guelfs."

When he ceased, the citizens expressed their gratitude for the kind interest he took in their concerns, pledging themselves to make effectual opposition to the policy of his brother, and refuse their consent to the delivery of the prisoners. Having assembled the council, therefore, M. Tedele il Nasillo proposed that no exchange or ransom of prisoners should take place without the general consent of the commune; and such was the influence of the rest of his party, that it was carried, in spite of the opposition made by the friends of the Podestà. The latter thus found

himself unable to proceed with the negociation entered into with the Veronese, and he complained bitterly against Nasillo, and the withdrawing of the confidence reposed in him by the council. But it was in vain that he now made his appeal; suspicions respecting his motives had been excited, and a popular feeling against his measures was studiously kept up. He was reminded that his office would soon expire, that he would not be permitted to cast imputations upon the commune, and that he must submit his further measures to the revision of the council.

In this way, just as he had concluded to deliver up the beautiful Eufemia to her friends, he found his hands tied; and he had the additional mortification of being accused by them of having forfeited his promise. In the mean while Tarquinio had already succeeded in obtaining the ear of her favourite maid Bianca, and, unknown to her noble mistress, had contrived, in several secret interviews, to possess himself of her affections. This he soon followed up by solemn promises of marriage, until having at length acquired sufficient influence, he prevailed upon her, under threats of deserting her, to enter into his interests, and to forward his employer's views of carrying off the beautiful Eufemia. Whatever reluctance and horror she expressed at the de-

sign, she was nevertheless shortly compelled, as the slave and victim of her tyrannical master, to obey the directions which he chose to give. It was resolved, then, that she should do all in her power to persuade Eufemia that her liberty was near at hand, while Rinaldo himself was to counterfeit an order from his brother to the captain of the guard, commanding him to deliver up certain of the prisoners, to be conducted under military escort together with Eufemia, who, at the sight of her fellow-citizens, might thus be induced to put herself under their protection. It was further agreed that they should be taken to the quarters of Rinaldo, near one of the city gates, under his custody. With this view, when every thing was arranged, at the appointed hour, he despatched one of his own captains, in whom he knew he could confide, at the head of a company, along with some other prisoners, to the residence of Donna Lavinia. She was prepared to expect their arrival, the officer displayed his commission as if appointed by the Podestà, and the false Bianca stood in waiting, the ready instrument of their imposture, to encourage her young mistress, in order more surely to betray her into the hands of her destroyers. Observing also the Veronese prisoners, she did not offer the slightest resistance, being told that they were to accompany her to

Verona, where they were to be exchanged for other prisoners of rank; and her kind hostess, feeling assured of her safety under such an escort, took a tender farewell, and consigned her fair guest to their care. Departing then, in company with Bianca, about nightfall, they soon arrived at the city gate, whence, as soon as he had heard of the success of his project, Rinaldo, with his creature Tarquinio, had just before set out, intending to join the prisoners on the road. Thus, apparently surrounded by her friends, the lady was led forth, the bridge was ordered to be raised, the gates to be closed, and the victim of treachery was consigned into the power of her husband's bitterest foe. Having joined the party a few miles distant from the city, they proceeded under his orders at a rapid pace with a view of reaching his castle, beyond Vanguardia, although it was now nearly midnight. The scenery around was often strikingly grand and beautiful; the moon had risen in her full splendour; Eufemia was absorbed in tender thoughts of a reunion with her friends; but Rinaldo felt no touches of compassion or remorse. They had now arrived on the outskirts of his own domain, where, leaving the great road towards Verona, the lady was to be torn from her fellow-prisoners, and borne to the fatal castle, which already appeared in view. The rest

were to proceed forwards to Verona; and, without a word being spoken, they were preparing to turn into a new path, when the sound of horses' feet in another direction was heard fast approaching. Not being in the least apprehensive of danger from the side of Verona, as that state was on the eve of concluding a treaty with the Ferrarese, and confident in his numbers, Rinaldo commanded the party to halt. Finding the road lined with a band of armed troopers, they drew up at their leader's voice, who advanced to parley with the opposite chief. Rinaldo likewise advanced, and what were his feelings, on lifting up his vizor, to confront the husband of his intended victim on that very spot! For a moment they gazed earnestly upon each other, when Rolando beginning the first to speak, they were interrupted by a cry of joyful surprise! "That is my wife's voice," exclaimed Rolando, "let me hasten to her;" and supposing she was under an honourable escort intended to convey her to her friends, he stretched forth his hand with an expression of the utmost gratitude towards Rinaldo, and prepared to pass by. But he was soon wofully undeceived, for the latter ordering a charge, and the next moment drawing his sword, dealt him a severe blow, which bent him to his saddle-bow, while his party commenced a ferocious at-

tack. It was received with unshrinking courage and resolution by the companions of Rolando, exasperated at beholding the savage and uncourteous action of his enemy, and a fierce struggle ensued by the light of the moon, for the possession of the road. There were nearly one hundred men engaged on each side, and as the conflict became warmer, Rinaldo commanded his captain to bear Eufemia to the castle, an order which seemed to redouble the courage and the exertions of the other party, by this time headed by Rolando, taking ample revenge for the insult he had suffered, and goaded almost to madness at the sight of the troopers bearing their beauteous prize away. He had now nearly reached the spot where she was, and Rinaldo's band receded further and further, until at length they wavered and gave way. Still Rinaldo attempted to make head, in order to give time to secure his prize; but Rolando, retreating a short way to obtain ground, returned at a gallant charge, and breaking through the midst of them, overtook the captive lady, before they had yet borne her into the castle, the gates of which were thrown open at his approach, it being the hour when Rinaldo was expected. He entered, then, and took possession of his enemy's castle, already prepared as the scene of his own dishonour; and here, for the first time, his beloved Eufemia,

recovered from the anguish of her fears, fell upon his neck and wept. But they were not bitter tears, for love, honour, and happiness, were now hers, restored to her when on the very brink of destruction, and doubly cherished from being enjoyed in the intended scene of her disgrace. But what were the feelings of rage and disappointment on the side of Rinaldo, on returning with his scattered troops, and finding himself debarred from entrance into his own castle, now in full possession of his enemy, along with the prize for which he had risked so much. In vain did he summon the warder and the watch; in vain did he lead his men forward to the attack, his rival was too powerful and secure; and after many ineffectual attempts, he was compelled to retrace his way back to his camp near Ferrara, where he might furnish himself with fresh succours to reduce his foe.

He accordingly made his appearance before the castle with a large force on the ensuing day; but he was then too late. Rolando had already set out with the beautiful Eufemia towards Verona, accompanied by his armed bands, after having celebrated his reunion with his fair lady at his enemy's expense, sitting down with his followers to a magnificent feast prepared before his arrival. Thus, in addition to the loss of the object of his pursuit, Rinaldo had the

further mortification of being taken in his own snares, being charged with treachery towards his own party by delivering up their prisoners, an offence for which he was banished from his native city of Ferrara.

Nor was Rolando himself much more fortunate after his return to Verona. He was accused, both by the people of that place and by the Ferrarese, of having corrupted the fidelity of the public officers as well as their commander, in order to secure the safety of his own wife—a circumstance which gave rise to fresh dissensions between the parties when on the eve of accommodation. The state of Verona, moreover, brought accusations against Salinguerra, brother to Rinaldo, of having connived at the abduction of Eufemia before the ratification of peace, to gratify the licentious passion of the latter. When both states were about to appeal once more to arms, the people of Mantua interfered, proposing that Rolando, as well as Rinaldo, should be banished, and that their lives should be declared forfeited in their respective states. Thus, the lovely and noble-minded Eufemia was plunged into new misfortunes. Her family petitioned the council of Verona, that she might be separated from her consort, and forcibly restrained from following a traitor and an outcast into foreign lands. The state, however, refused to interfere; while she,

having only a few hours to consider whether she should retain possession of the luxury and enjoyments of a court, or become the companion of a poor forsaken exile, came to the virtuous resolution of embracing the latter lot. Before her relatives were aware of her intention, or could take measures to prevent it, she was already on her way from her native land, accompanied by her only friend for whom she had sacrificed so much.

No complaint ever escaped her lips; she shared the exile's sufferings; she soothed his indignation and anguish of mind; and she fanned his feverish brow. "Only love me, she would say;—love me as you have ever loved me, and there is nothing I cannot bear for your sake!" And, with these words upon her lips, after innumerable privations and sufferings, she gently resigned her pure and constant spirit in his arms.

NOVELLA X.

As a young cavalier was standing on the beach of Genoa, observing with an eye of curiosity the arrival of strangers from almost every clime, his attention was particularly attracted by the appearance of a lady, whose noble air and step, in spite of her simple and disordered dress of a pilgrim, could not fail to interest the beholder. She occasionally raised her fine eyes towards heaven, then cast them with an expression of wildness and sorrow upon the earth; as if doubtful where she should seek for relief, whether to confide in the mercy of the Deity alone, or still venture to trust the world. "How ill," thought the young observer, "does that rude, neglected dress, seem to become the sweet and noble features of her that wears it." So earnestly did he continue to gaze on her, that though apparently buried in her own thoughts, she became aware of his notice, as all beautiful women are apt to do, and turning away her eyes towards the shore, she again withdrew them, and gazed around her, as if greatly alarmed. The next moment there leaped upon shore from a little pilot-boat a person of a noble and imposing figure, evidently the occasion

of her alarm, who singling her out in an instant, was speedily at her side. When he was about to address her, she recoiled from him a few paces, and turning towards the young cavalier, whose eyes were still fixed upon her, she said, "Save me, for the love of heaven; save me from his sight." At the same time, she approached close to him, as if placing herself under his protection; on which Ansaldo, so the young citizen was named, beckoned to one of his slaves, and saying, "You will take care of her," advanced to meet the stranger. "Stop, signor," he cried, as the latter attempted to pass him; "that lady has solicited my protection." "You have nothing to do in this, signor," said the stranger, pushing on, "you had better give way, and withdraw." "That I will cheerfully do," returned Ansaldo, "when you have answered me a few questions." "No, signor," was the reply; "I wish to speak with the lady, who has so very unnecessarily appealed to your regard." "Of that," said the other, "I must now judge; in the mean time, I will permit you to speak to her, if she consents to it." "Permit, signor!" exclaimed the stranger, "you have no interest in her; you can have none equal to what I feel: why do you then oppose me? is it wise, is it courteous to a stranger?" "Would it be courteous to a lady, signor, a stranger, and alone,"

retorted Ansaldo, "to reject such an appeal?" "Then thus will I enforce my claim to be heard," returned the other, as he clapped his hand to his rapier, while the young cavalier was preparing to do the same. But the fair pilgrim, recovering herself from the shock of her first surprise, now summoned courage to address the stranger, as she stepped between, "Wherefore are you come? return and enjoy your good fortune; but leave me to my sorrows alone." A deep sigh followed these words, which led Ansaldo to believe that he was, perhaps, only interfering in a mere love quarrel, as he said in a conciliatory tone, "You had better agree to become friends; there is a crowd already gathering about us: let us not consent to gratify the folly and curiosity of all the world. Come with me to my house, and we shall find means, I doubt not, of clearing up the mistake. I dare say it is not the first time you have quarrelled, nor will it be the first love pique which I have had the pleasure to remove." "No, no," cried the fair lady; "I will go with you, but not to your house. You are good, very good; but I will never consent to cross the same threshold with him again. Let the ingrate enjoy all I have conferred upon him; but cease to think of me more. For this reason did I leave him; I will receive nothing at

his hands :" and with a quick step she hastened along the shore. Ansaldo, curious to learn the result of such an adventure, also followed her ; saying to the stranger, with a smile : " Do not despair, but let us try to pacify her :" for he was now sorry to see the wretchedness of his looks. " What is her name ?" " Eurispe," said the stranger in a sorrowful tone ; " if I thought she would ever forgive me, and be reconciled, there is nothing"——But here interrupting him, the lady said to Ansaldo, " Let me thank you for your kindness ; I will trouble you no longer, if you will take that man away with you, and remove him from my sight." " I will go with him," said the stranger, in a gentle tone, " after I have spoken to you, when I am sure you will be satisfied." " No ; you have spoken to me enough," replied Eurispe ; " let me go where I please, Constanzo ; leave me to myself. Trifle with my forbearance no longer ; never venture more to appear in my sight. I should hate myself, were I capable of repenting of my resolution." " But only hear me, and then treat me as you please," said Constanzo ; " describe my conduct in the darkest colours you can, and let this gentleman decide between us." " Traitor !" cried Eurispe, " and would you revive the recollection of all your baseness and unkindness, to harrow up my soul

afresh? Out of my sight! take him away!" she continued, as she again turned into a new path to avoid him, while Ansaldo, in greater perplexity than before, was now attempting to prevail upon Constanzo to leave her to herself. But the stranger, observing, "We shall soon, I trust, be better friends," again accosted the lady with a more cheerful air: "Do not be so angry, dear lady; but consent to return with me quietly home: you will find me every thing that the kindest benefactress could wish, and be convinced how truly I respect and honour you." "And is mockery too to be added to my woe? this was still wanting; but . . ." and drawing a poniard from her bosom, she rushed upon him, like a fury, and stabbed him several times, before Ansaldo could disarm her. But she dropped the weapon of her own accord, and went on, while the young citizen, having consigned the wounded stranger to the care of his slaves, quickly overtook her, bidding her follow him, if she wished to save herself from the hands of justice and an ignominious death. She obeyed, while the people, engaged with the wounded man, gave them time to escape. As they were proceeding along, they met with an aged priest, to whom Ansaldo having communicated their distress, he consented to afford the fair culprit an asylum in his own

house. After having seen her in safety, and committed her into the hands of the females of the house, Ansaldo proceeded to inquire into the situation of the wounded man, whom he found in the utmost danger, the surgeon declaring that he must be kept perfectly quiet, or he could not answer for his life. The patient, however, who had caught Ansaldo's voice, insisted upon seeing him immediately. His first wishes were expressed for Eurispe's safety; and his gratitude towards the author of it was unbounded. He next entreated that he might have a notary, in order to depose that he had incurred his own fate, from the hand of his superior and his benefactress, whose servant he was, and not from an equal, or from any other cause. He further requested that no process or investigation might take place; and that if such were insisted upon, the lady at all events might, agreeably to his last wishes, be acquitted. Ansaldo, after trying to encourage him, and to soothe his deep emotions by promising in every respect to fulfil his wishes, left him to repose, and returned to the wretched Eurispe, more desirous than ever of penetrating into the mystery in which their story was apparently involved. He informed her of what Constanzo had said, how much he appeared interested in her safety, and he expressed his hopes that the affair

was yet open to reconciliation, without coming under the cognizance of justice. At the same time he assured her of his influence and support in case of the worst, advising her to assume a different dress, and to partake of such courtesy and hospitality as he had it in his power to bestow. Affected by his kindness, Eurispe returned her grateful thanks; while she sought to avoid his earnest and inquisitive looks, which more than once seemed to ask for an explanation. Indeed she appeared to shrink from the least approach towards the subject, and she was almost as much unable to bear the admiration of her beauty, which he occasionally evinced in his fixed and ardent gaze. Blushing at the suspicious situation in which she was conscious that she appeared, she soon therefore rose, on the plea of want of rest, to which, however reluctantly, Ansaldo was compelled to yield, and afterwards proceeded to consult with his reverend host. But as they were both equally at a loss what to think, or how to act in the strange circumstances in which they found themselves placed, they agreed to avoid making the matter public, until they had learned further particulars, and ascertained the result. They were resolved in the mean while to detain and interrogate her after she had enjoyed a little repose, the priest at the same time informing Ansaldo

that he might rest assured of her safe and honourable custody, while in his house; for the young gentleman was evidently a little uneasy on that score. Soon after he had taken his leave, there arrived at the house a variety of wines, and all the delicacies of the season, from which the reverend host only concluded that the poor young man was already deeply smitten with the fair culprit left in his charge. On this account he did not think it proper to present them to her, but giving them into the hands of his housekeeper, ordered her to put them carefully under lock and key. In a few hours, to the surprise of the good priest, the young lady again made her appearance, at the same time requesting an audience, with which our conscientious father, having secured the wine, was fain to comply. Yet it was not without some fear and trembling; for there was a degree of wildness in her eye, which, on recollecting her late exploit, gave him no little uneasiness, and completely banished the least idea of dwelling upon her charms. He very unprofessionally entreated that the old housekeeper might witness their interview, a request he never before made during confession; but the lady insisted upon making her disclosures to him alone. Though forced to comply, he sat very uneasy in his chair; if he saw her eyes sparkle, he thought she was

running mad; or if his glance met hers, or rested a moment on her lovely bosom, he only dreamed of concealed daggers and sudden death. When she exhibited any violent emotion, the matter became still more serious; if she happened to touch him, he recoiled, and he became eager only to soothe, and to grant her absolution from all her sins. Indeed the young admirer would have felt quite satisfied with his priestly demeanour, had he seen him; and the poor man was greatly relieved, when his fair but fearful guest addressed him in the following words: "It is now, holy father, time to part; you must permit me to resume my wanderings whither I will." "Oh, certainly, certainly," said the compliant father, forgetting his promise to Ansaldo. "Yes," she continued, "I must go: I must not remain here to involve myself, as well as that innocent and excellent young man, in fresh troubles." "Oh, by no means," said the good father, alarmed at the elevation of her voice. "Then do you wish me to go, to be so soon rid of me?" cried Eurispe, in a louder tone. "Oh, by no means," he exclaimed, repeating his words, "that is, I mean I would have you please yourself." "Then I will hasten away," she replied; "that noble young man must not suffer for my sake, for I fore-

see what would shortly happen: he would love, and become wretched as I have been." "There is not the least doubt of that," said the priest, desirous of conciliating her as much as possible. "Is there not?" pursued the lady; "you mistake me—how dare you say that?" "How? how? Oh, because he told me," cried the alarmed priest: "he said so, to be sure." "Then quick; let me away; prepare me a barge,—here is money; go soon, very soon." "Yes, now," cried her confessor, rejoiced to get away, "it is the best plan; I will give orders immediately." And he forthwith, in spite of his promises to Ansaldo, proceeded with the business. Hastening directly to the beach, he bespoke a felucca from Palermo, which was just on its return, and having placed his fair guest in a close carriage, he caused her to be carried at the appointed hour, while the good citizens were engaged at dinner, to the shore, agreed with the mariners for her passage, and she set sail. On touching at Viateggio, for the purpose of better concealment, she assumed another name and dress; thence passing on to Lucca, she hired a small house, with only one domestic, and secluded herself completely from the world.

We must now return to Ansaldo, who, in the ut-

most eagerness and agitation, proceeded the next morning to the priest's abode, desirous of informing his fair culprit of the dangerous situation of Constanzo. The surgeon had declared there was no hope for him; and though he ought to have felt greatly shocked at such tidings, and desirous, like the good priest, of breaking off all communication with the prisoner; yet such was the impression that her charms had produced, that he felt something very like pleasure at the idea of her being thus consigned to his care, and at being enabled, perhaps, to penetrate into the motives of her strange conduct. What was his surprise and indignation then, to find that she was gone? The good father, alarmed at his excessive rage and emotion, affected complete ignorance of her disappearance, declaring that she must have escaped from her window during the night; and that he was well assured she was a witch, an emissary of the devil, and no real woman; for he had never passed such a night in his life. In spite of Ansaldo's threats to extort further confession, he persisted in this story, so far from satisfactory to the young lover's feelings, whose mind was filled with the most distressing apprehensions. Still however, having no proofs to the contrary, he was compelled to rest satisfied with the story, such as it was; and after engaging the priest to

assist in the recovery of the fair culprit, he was again called to the dying couch of Constanzo.

"I wish," said this unhappy martyr of woman's scorn, as Ansaldo drew nigh, "I wish before I depart, as I shortly must, to acquaint you, as a friend, with some circumstances of my life. It is true that I perish by the hand of one who professed to love me as dearly as her own life, and who was once mistress of my soul. Though aware of her strange and fickle disposition, I still confided in her attachment, and could not possibly have contemplated what has happened. Deign to listen then to our singular history, and you will be enabled to judge how far I am to blame; for though I have erred, there is much palliation for my conduct.

"Eurispe is a noble lady of Cosenza, sole heiress to a rich family, and was early sacrificed to the views of ambition in an union with a man of high rank, much older than herself. Such likewise were his infirmities, that happily for her, he died within a few months after his marriage, leaving her the mistress of an immense fortune. Thus freed at length from the influence and restraint of her family, she continued to lead a single life from her fifteenth to her eighteenth year, devoting herself to noble and charitable pursuits, and loved and humoured by all in her vicinity.

It was at this period, I became acquainted with her. During a commercial voyage I had the misfortune to fall a captive to that celebrated but detested corsair, Amurat Rais; and after encountering various hardships, I was at length offered to sale, and purchased by a foreign merchant, whose affairs soon afterwards carried him into Calabria. He was induced to allow me to accompany him, by the offer of two hundred crowns, to be paid on my arrival, in addition to what else he might obtain for my ransom. We disembarked at Cosenza, where Eurispe, having seen and taken compassion on me, kindly paid down the sum required, and took me into her service. Such was my gratitude, that though she would have permitted me to resume my affairs, and return to my native place, I found it impossible. For my gratitude and respect soon ripened into a deeper feeling, and though I scarcely ventured to confess it even to my own heart, that heart, in spite of me, began to beat tumultuously, when it caught even the sound of the approaching footsteps of my bright and honoured lady. You have seen her, but you cannot now form an idea of her noble and charming manners, and of the surpassing beauty, both of her mind and person. Soon I had the happiness to obtain her confidence in the management of her affairs. I became the stew-

ard of her fortune, the happy medium of her numerous pious and charitable benefactions to the country around. Never, however, did I venture to breathe a word, or to raise my eyes to hers, beyond the immediate scope of my duties; but I suffered dreadfully as I became more deeply and truly attached. When did love such as mine listen to reason, or summon courage to abandon the scene of its sorrows—the sweet and bitter pleasure of gazing on the object it must never possess? I could not quite repress the grief at my heart; sighs escaped me in her presence; I madly gazed on her whenever I thought myself unseen; and well might the poet of love exclaim:

> 'ben s' intende
> Chiusa fiamma talhor da chi l' accende.'
>
> 'A secret sympathy conveys the smart.'

For, truly, in a short while she appeared to become aware of my unhappy passion; though she neither approached nor admonished me. Surprised and delighted beyond measure, hope, for the first time, sent the blood tingling through my veins, and I dared to look up, though still in fear and silence. About this time, however, an incident occurred, which put my resolution of burying my griefs in my own bosom to a severer trial than any I had yet borne. A young cavalier, who resided near, became more and more

frequent in his visits; he admired her beauty, but he considered her fortune a still higher prize. He was not really in love with her, and this she appeared at length to have discovered, and gave him his dismissal. But he would not take this as a final denial, and continued to haunt her residence in such a manner, that I was fearful he would in the end succeed in his project. As I was late one evening indulging in bitter fancies, a person arriving on horseback was announced, and on his being shewn into the room where I was sitting, I had the pain of beholding my haughty rival. With an air of ease and freedom he entreated hospitality for the night, pleading the lateness of the hour; upon which, turning from him with a feeling of bitter jealousy, I went to acquaint the lady. My anguish was visible on my countenance; and I had the mortification to hear her say, that she feared in common courtesy she could not refuse him. I thought she blushed deeply as she said so; and bursting into sudden passion, I exclaimed, 'Then first permit me to leave the house.'—'No, that must not be,' she replied, 'I cannot spare you; for I am going myself. You will attend me as far as my friendly neighbour's, and inform the gentleman on your return that I am on a visit there, and too unwell to see him.' I bowed in delighted emotion to the earth: I thought

I should have fallen at her feet and blessed her; for she had removed a load of wretchedness from my soul: and with a joyous and triumphant air I hastened to rejoin the cavalier.

"With what secret pleasure did I deliver the lady's message, and answer the thousand questions which he addressed to me! Whether he perceived this I know not; but though I now made myself the best company in the world, and treated him with all the delicacies the house could afford, I failed to make myself agreeable. He seemed hurt that I ventured to sit down to supper with him; he began to frown, and to regard me with no very pleasant looks; until observing that I took no notice of them, he began to hazard sarcastic remarks, inquiring, whether, in my capacity of steward, I did not find that house-dogs, when caressed, were apt to become too familiar? 'Certainly,' I said, 'there is great difference between men and dogs, the one being fond of bones and the other of reputation.'—'It follows then,' replied my polite guest, 'that he who enters into service without regard to his reputation, acts beneath himself, and is unworthy even of a menial's situation.'—'Ah!' I cried, suddenly plucking forth my rapier in the impulse of passion, 'were you not here under my honoured lady's roof, I would stab you to the heart.

Insult me if you please; but dare to introduce her pure and unstained name, and it shall be the last word you will ever speak.' Instead of meeting the fierce indignation with which I spoke, in as fierce a tone, to my surprise he became somewhat softened; when turning away with a feeling of unutterable contempt, I left him alone to his own cogitations. In the morning when breakfast was announced, it was found that he had taken his departure early; not very long afterwards we heard that he had left the country; and finally, that he had been assassinated on his route from Cosenza towards Lucca, most probably without making any defence, for he certainly could never have fallen in a duel. Freed from this despicable rival, I became somewhat bolder in my pretensions; my eyes began to reveal what my tongue refused to tell; and instead of hating me, I thought that hers seemed to invite me to give my looks a language. I was one day engaged in rendering her an account of some sums of money which had lately passed through my hands; but such was my trepidation, such my wish of discovering the sentiments I entertained for her, that I repeated the same errors over and over; until half angry, and half laughing, at my perplexity, she asked me if I had really run mad? 'I fear I have long been so,' I replied, 'and it will

not be long before you will have to send me to an asylum; and you will have'——here my voice failed me, and I could say no more. 'And I shall have to answer for it; is that what you mean, Constanzo?'—'You have said it,' I replied, 'and you ought not to make so light of it, I assure you. It were better I should leave your service at once. I have resources of my own. I am neither poor nor ignoble.'—'Ah, Constanzo, did I ever think, did I ever say you were? Her face became crimson when she had uttered this; but suddenly checking herself, she added, 'I am not often used to jest in this way, and it is perhaps not very becoming either in you or in myself.'

"As I had at length, however, mastered the subject, I soon summoned courage enough to proceed. 'The fault, most honoured lady, lies more in your beauty than in me. I have fought with my feelings long and terribly. I have tried to remain reasonable; but it is vain to deny it, I have loved, I have sorrowed, I have despaired, and I must meet with mercy, or I must cease to exist.' Uttering this, I fell at her feet, and covered her hands with my kisses and my tears. 'You are mad, indeed,' she exclaimed, as she attempted to assume a tone of anger, though she scarcely struggled to withdraw her hands.' 'It is

done,' I cried, 'condemn, reproach me as you will; but do not drive me from your presence.'—'If you loved me,' she answered, 'you could not talk of leaving me, nor could I afford to lose your service; but,' she continued, resuming her composure, 'I shall never permit the repetition of such a scene; for your own sake I shall not; you must try to banish so absurd an idea. But it is a mere fancy, and therefore I pardon you this time, on the condition that you never breathe a syllable of the like again.' Her voice trembled, however, and not with anger, as she uttered these commands, out of a feeling of pride and dignity, which had yet to contend with a superior foe. Though promising obedience, I was now too happy and triumphant to observe it, and even without resuming the conversation, I daily made such visible progress in her affections, as soon to induce her to feel pleasure in acknowledging me for her lover with her own lips. Soon I insisted on her repeating, for the thousandth time, that she loved me, and was happy in my having owned that I loved her in return.

"Such being our mutual attachment, it was resolved, in order to avoid the least occasion for remark, to sanction it with our union almost immediately; Eurispe proposing to dispose of the estates of Cosenza,

and to retire for a season to a delicious residence in the vicinity of Puggia, out of the reach of the invidious observations with which she was aware we should be unjustly assailed. Just at this period, however, it was our ill fortune that a widow lady, with her daughter, a very beautiful and accomplished girl, arrived at Cosenza, on their way from Sicily; an event which entirely altered the colour of our destiny. I had heard, I had seen much of the fickleness of women, but such an instance as that I am about to record, could never have entered into my comprehension. The knowledge that these ladies were in misfortune, was enough to induce Eurispe to offer them a home, and to lavish upon them every consolation and comfort in her power to bestow. But grief and sickness had already made inroads too deep on the health of the mother to admit of much alleviation. She continued gradually to sink; all her dying thoughts were wrapt up in her daughter, and expressing her deep gratitude for our kindness, she tenderly recommended her poor girl to our protection, and soon after expired.

"With a sister's affection then, my adored Eurispe received the beautiful Lesbia to her arms, and like a sister, she made her the partner of every thing she possessed. Their acquaintance ripened into the strict-

est intimacy, and Euriope no longer talked of disposing of her estate. She began, indeed, to give me some reason to complain. She delayed, under a thousand pretexts, to fulfil her immediate promise of yielding me her hand. I took the alarm, and became more earnest and urgent, fearful that fortune was about to abandon me, when just on the consummation of all my dearest wishes. Still she delayed. She would no longer listen to my complaints; and I was compelled to dissemble the disappointment and anguish of my heart. One evening as I was beginning to press the subject, she interrupted me by alluding to the beauty and accomplishments of her fair charge, and after dwelling upon them for some time, she added: 'What think you, Constanzo, will Lesbia say? what will the world say of us, if we proceed, in spite of all difficulties and inequalities, to seal our attachment at the altar? I know you to be fully deserving of my affection, but I fear for my reputation, to which every one, you are aware, sacrifices so much. Let us consider then, while there is yet time; let us see that we are not preparing future unhappiness for each other. Under all circumstances I think it would be the wiser and the safer plan that you should try to forget me, and to love my gentle Lesbia, upon whom I will confer such a dowry as will leave you

no reason to repent. I shall thus, I am sure, escape much scandal and ill usage; for the world never pardons such an error, and I dare not commit it.' I grew pale, and trembled with emotion, as she spoke; I beheld the promised delights of love and fortune fading from my view. What was Lesbia to me? Unknown, uncared for! what was all the world beside? For some moments I could not speak; but laying my head upon my hand, I sighed deeply. 'Well might fortune,' at length I cried, 'be likened unto a woman—a woman in fickleness, such as you. Oh, cruel as you have been, to raise me, Eurispe, from the earth into the very heaven of love, only to precipitate me into the depths of despair. You tell me to love Lesbia; that you will give us your fortune: but it is not your fortune I love, it is you. Do you think I can so easily change; and transfer my affections as readily as my dress? No, I were then unworthy both of her and you. You snatched me out of misfortune, it is true; but you would now, by depriving me of ineffable hopes, by tearing me from yourself, plunge me into greater misery than I have yet suffered, and destroy all my happiness upon earth.'—'But such love is a folly,' she cried; 'why indulge it? to be happy we must be reasonable. And I do not deprive you of myself, for I give you fortune;

your love, I fear, would soon be over; but fortune will last when love is gone. I begin to see that our attachment was an idle and childish thing from the first; and if I give you Lesbia you can have no reason to complain. Think of it, and think wisely; I love you, or I have loved you; but we must submit to the voice of reason, and no longer think of playing the fool.'

"As she said this in a hard and careless tone, she precipitately left the room, leaving me to no very agreeable reflections, of which indignation was not the least. In the sudden revulsion of my feelings I could have sought the side of the fair Lesbia; I could have wished, by lavishing the most tender attentions, to give the faithless and heartless one a pang of jealousy, and make her feel something of the pain I endured. What strange motive could have actuated her? was it mere fickleness, scorn, or jealousy? Surely, I thought, I could have given her no reason for the latter, though I had more than once remarked, in conversing together, that she jested on the subject in the presence of Lesbia; that she had her eye upon us, and that she might probably entertain an idea of trying the stability of my affection. For such I had heard was the simulation and subtlety of love. When this struck me, I came to the resolution of per-

severing in a virtuous and constant line of action, and by this conduct at least to merit the love and confidence of one whom I feared I could not forget.

"With this view I resolved to be perfectly open and sincere with her, and the next day went to her to inform her how impossible it was that I could be obedient to her wishes. 'Did I try to forget you, it would be in vain, and still more so to turn my affections elsewhere. Permit me, my dear lady, to remain, therefore, with you, to try to merit your approbation of my conduct, if I can no longer retain your affection; and if you repent the kindness, the sweet hopes and promises you have lavished on me, do not, at least, deprive me of your society. For believe me, I shall either succeed in recovering your affections, or soon end my sorrowful days as I wish to do.' 'Indeed, Constanzo,' she replied, 'I wish you to stay with me; I do not at all regret the kindness and affection I have lavished on you, for I am still as much attached to you as ever, and nothing but an imperative sense of duty could prevent me from sealing my affection at the altar. I would willingly give you my hand, but the world will not have it so; it requires equality of rank at least in the husband, or it will asperse the fair fame of her who raises him to her own standard. And even if we had left Co-

senza, as we intended, it would have pursued us with its taunts and mockery, would have said we were ashamed of our errors, and blasted our future happiness whithersoever we had turned. It is better, then, as it is; and if you truly love me, you will strive to bury what has passed in oblivion, and keep it from the world.' 'And this I could have done,' I made answer, 'had you not flattered me with other hopes, Eurispe; but you have received and returned my vows, I am no longer master of my own affections, and I take Love to witness that I cannot and will not permit you to retract. We have given our mutual consent; by mutual consent alone, then, can we become disunited. Whether Love be a divinity or not, I cannot tell; but I feel something like his divinity within me, allied to every thing that is noble, and perfect, and pure in its nature. Its divinity, besides, is said to be immortal, and I cannot cease to love you at pleasure.' 'But you must be obedient; you promised me that you would, Constanzo.' 'Yes, but you first promised to be mine; and it is I only who have to complain.' 'If your love be so true and perfect then,' she returned, 'continue to love me thus virtuously; be satisfied that I esteem and value you, but let us venture no further to unite out lot in one.' 'It may be easy for you,' I re-

plied, 'to talk and even to act in this manner, faithless and cold-hearted as you are; but to me, there is death even in the thought. You are become very strange and casuistical of late, and unusually afraid of the opinion of the world; and had I not more confidence in you, than you appear to have in me, I should say that you had formed some new attachment, and wished to be rid of me altogether.' 'No,' exclaimed Eurispe, a little piqued, 'I have formed no new attachment; though it is true that I wish to recal my promise, on the condition of settling a very sufficient fortune upon my Lesbia, which you may accept or refuse at your own pleasure;' and having said this, she again turned somewhat coldly from me.

"Disappointed pride, jealousy, and revenge, now all took possession of my soul at once; and in the hopes that I might perhaps awaken some degree of pain, by exciting her jealousy and affection, I resolved to obey her, and to devote my whole attention to Lesbia. In this view I exerted all my powers of pleasing to the uttermost, I lavished upon her the most delicate attentions, striving to make myself the most agreeable to her in the presence of Eurispe, to whom I affected to praise her incessantly. Eurispe seemed however to regard my conduct with indifference, preserving the same kind and conciliating manners to-

wards Lesbia, and rather encouraging our apparent intimacy. But bitterly did we both repent this error; for having assumed, not with impunity, the character of the fair Lesbia's lover, it was soon my fate to become gradually enamoured of her attractions, thus shewing my obedience to the orders of my mistress. Nor did my attentions seem at all disagreeable to her; in a little while she returned my affection; and it was agreed by Eurispe that our nuptials should be immediately celebrated. From this time the proud Eurispe seemed to treat me on terms of nearer equality; the time stipulated for my service, since she redeemed me from captivity, was expired, and possessing some little fortune of my own, besides what she settled on Lesbia, we considered ourselves extremely fortunate in our union. Nor had we any reason for some period to repent of it, for Lesbia loved me most truly and tenderly, her virtues and attractions soon won my whole heart, and we were as perfectly happy as we wished to be.

"But our happiness was doomed to be of short continuance; the manners of our fair hostess became colder, she sought to avoid our society, and appeared hurt at witnessing our mutual regard for each other. Her conduct soon became extremely variable, she was either absorbed in sorrow, or affected the live-

liest spirits imaginable: she would treat us with contempt and unkindness, or lavish upon us the warmest expressions of favour. It was now I dreaded any feelings of uneasiness or jealousy at our union, as much as I had before wished to excite them. She was often strange and harsh towards my Lesbia; her dislike to her seemed to increase, while her manner towards me was more flattering. She even sought my society in her absence; she grew pale, she blushed at my approach, and sometimes she burst into tears. The full extent of our calamity now opened upon me, for tenderly and passionately did I love my wife; I had forgotten Eurispe. Without communicating my suspicions to Lesbia, I pressed our immediate departure; but of this our fair hostess would not hear; she was even extremely hurt and angry at the proposal. Indeed, whenever I recurred to the subject, she seemed more desirous than ever of conciliating me: she flattered me and tried to win my attention, while she assumed the utmost coldness and indifference on the approach of my wife. Fortunately Lesbia was thus unacquainted with my unhappiness, for I wished to spare her the pain of witnessing the grief of our benefactress. But what a fate was mine! to behold her whom I had loved, but who had broken her vows and repaid my love with scorn, the victim of her own

infidelity. Deeply indebted to her as I was, could I behold her thus suffering for my sake? yet, could I consent to plunge her and myself into still greater misfortunes? We were already on the brink of a precipice, for her affection became daily more evident; it was my Lesbia only who stood between us and destruction, Eurispe no longer attempting to conceal from me the warmth of her feelings. It was now her turn to meet with the coolness and indifference she had formerly shewn to me, and to taste something of the bitter fruits of faithless and unrequited affection. But she was too passionate and impatient to submit to the ordeal, too weak to conquer; and after vainly appealing to my love and to my compassion, she began to upbraid me. I then gently reminded her that it was her own work, and the result of her express injunction, however reluctantly I had submitted to it. That, moreover, it would be base and cruel to desert and sacrifice, as she proposed, my beautiful Lesbia, by plunging ourselves into irremediable wretchedness and ruin. Passion, indignation, and grief, seemed to struggle for utterance in her reply, as she declared that she had never disowned her love for me; that I knew she had always continued attached to me, in spite of her exertions to act consistently with her duty; and that I had made

her words a pretext for breaking with her. 'Every word, every look you give to Lesbia,' she continued, 'is justly my own, and yet you refuse to restore to me even a portion of what you have robbed me of. Your happiness is injustice, it is ingratitude, it is death to me.' 'You grieve me to the heart, my dear lady and benefactress,' I replied, 'for with your own you have destroyed my hopes of happiness for ever. But think how unworthy I ever was of possessing you; let the same pride and dignity which led you to abandon me support you now. Think how many noble motives, how many great objects you have yet to live for; live then, and bestow your hand upon some more fortunate and deserving being. Assert once more your pride and dignity, the same prudence and greatness of soul that you have ever shewn; recollect who you are, and what the world expects from you!' Though somewhat harsh, I thought it quite requisite to speak in the manner I did. It brought the blood in tides of crimson to her cheeks, her neck, her temples, and her very finger-ends seemed to burn with a sense of shame and indignation. Yet my words had the desired effect: the sudden revulsion of her feelings, as in my own case, now brought to her support a deep sense of scorn and hatred. But dearly, you see, have I paid for my strict

adherence to duty, to honour, and to integrity. For heaping upon me the most bitter and opprobrious epithets, she left me, invoking maledictions on my head; and I saw no more of her until I found her standing near you, signor, on the beach of Genoa, whither my evil genius brought me in pursuit of her. On the ensuing morning, I found also a letter on my toilet, with these simple words: 'Oh, Constanzo! you have triumphed over, you have trampled on, my very soul; you have ruined me in my own opinion for ever. How have I deserved it? my fortune, with every thing I had, I laid at your feet. I redeemed you from captivity, I gave you my home, I would have given you myself; but could you not bear with a woman's waywardness and fickle humour, even for a season? I erred from a sense of duty, I thought I could have forgotten you; yet surely you might have delayed to seal my fate a little longer! wretch as I am, that I ever loved you! But I hate, and will punish myself sufficiently for it: then seek me not, ask no more of me, for Eurispe will never return.'

"I immediately, however, set out in quest of her, filled with the most sad and fatal forebodings; and you see the result. Yet little did I think I was taking leave of my Lesbia for the last time, nor could I imagine that Eurispe would have carried her revenge so far.

But it is done, it is too late to repine," continued the dying Constanzo; " I have only to thank you, dear signor, for your humanity, and to make my peace with heaven. Bear my dear love to my wife, and say ——" but here his voice failed him, and, heaving a deep sigh, he expired.

The Cordelier Metamorphosed:

AS NARRATED IN A MANUSCRIPT FROM THE BORROMEO COLLECTION:

(ATTRIBUTED TO MICHELE COLOMBO).

MICHELE COLOMBO.

The version of the following amusing little tale, proceeded, some years since, from the pen of a gentleman well known in our literary circles for the extent and variety of his talents and attainments. This translation, the production of a leisure moment, was made by him, and printed, from the original manuscript, formerly in the collection of the late Count Borromeo, of Padua, at the sale of which in 1817, among other articles, it fell to his lot. "It stands entitled in the catalogue of that sale,

No. 250. Novella di Gianni Andato al Bosco a far legna, &c. in 4to. inedita.

And it is there, upon what authority," continues the translator, "I know not, attributed, together with some preceding articles of the catalogue, to Michele Colombo. It attracted my notice, from its close resemblance in the principal incidents of the story, to 'Le Cordelier Cheval,' or, as it is sometimes entitled, 'Le Moine Bridé,' of Alexis Piron, a tale which I have always esteemed as not the least pleasant of that author's facetious effusions; and suspect-

ing that Piron, like La Fontaine before him, often gathered his subjects from some older record, I have looked in vain among the earlier novelists, for an original hint of this story. Whether the Italian be really such, or merely an imitation, or whether both the narrations be not borrowed from some preceding collection of facetiæ, I will not pretend to determine.

" Of Colombo, as a writer, I have not met with any notice; but it would seem that in Tiraboschi's time he was possessed of some curious books at Padua.* Without better information, one may reasonably doubt whether he was the author of those articles which Borromeo has attributed to him. Acute and experienced judges of the Italian language have assured me that this novel, if not a genuine production of the old school, is at least a clever imitation of its quaint style and dry humour."—G. H. *Dedication.*

* Tiraboschi, Storia della Letteratura Ital. v. 7. p. 12, 13.

PREFACE.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

So numerous are the evils and vexations of our life, that he who undertakes the laudable task of providing for us an innocent recreation, deserves to be counted a benefactor to mankind ; and although preeminent beyond comparison be the merit of those excellent writers, who have been able to unite in their works the useful with the agreeable, yet neither are those to be lightly esteemed, who, not presuming to undertake our instruction, confine their efforts to the furnishing us with a little harmless entertainment.

With this object principally in their view, men of distinguished talents (as one of the most conspicuous among them has himself declared) have occasionally given us, in pure and elegant language, a series of interesting novels, of which, if some few may possibly afford, in the intricacies of our walk through life, an useful lesson, by far the greater part have certainly no higher pretension than the amusement of their readers. Should I be lucky enough to ob-

tain your not unwilling attention to a curious adventure, which befel an honest rustic in our neighbourhood, I shall think the few minutes well bestowed which I have spent in committing to paper the following story.

THE
CORDELIER METAMORPHOSED.

In one of the districts of Montferrat dwelt a poor labourer, whose name was Gilbert. For the support of himself and family he cultivated a small inclosure, and whatever time he could snatch from the labours of his little farm, he employed in gathering faggots from a wood which was at no great distance. These he brought home on the back of an ass, of which he was become the master, and afterwards, as opportunity served, conveyed them to the market of the next town, where, with the money they produced, he purchased such articles as were most wanted by his family. Gilbert was a simple fellow, and so credulous that you might have made him believe almost any absurdity. It happened one day, that wishing to penetrate into the interior of the wood, he left his ass tied to a tree at the outskirts. Soon afterwards there passed that way two minor brethren of Saint Francis; Father Antony of Como, and Father Timothy of Casal Maggiore. Of missal

or of breviary, Father Timothy took little heed; he was one of those, who not yet on familiar terms with his alphabet, had attached himself to that holy order with no other aim than that of being useful in its most ordinary concerns. In company with Father Antony he rambled over the circumjacent districts, begging, for Christian charity's sake, contributions of bread, wine, fruit, and whatever else could be obtained for the maintenance and solace of the poor brotherhood. Yet was there not one among them of quicker and acuter invention than he; a brain more fantastical it is impossible to imagine; and his most whimsical tricks were accomplished with such pleasantry and good humour, that he was the admiration of his associates. Now these two friars having had a tedious tramp through roads somewhat muddy, and bending their course homewards with their bags well filled, were so fatigued, that it was with great difficulty they could set one foot before the other; yet had they a good distance to travel ere they could reach their monastery. Accordingly Father Timothy, observing that the ass was there unguarded, and considering it to be unreasonable, that an animal made to carry burthens should stand there fresh and idle, while they, tired and breathless, bore on their shoulders no trifling weight, made up his mind with-

out hesitation. Turning round to his companion, he asked, with a smile, "Brother Antony, what would you give if you could have this ass to carry our bags?"—"Verily," answered the other, "so nearly am I exhausted that just now it would suit me well." —"And do not you see," rejoined Timothy, "that it is Providence that has guided us to this beast? let us not reject the boon that is thus opportunely thrown in our way." With these words, approaching the animal, he threw his wallet on its back, and invited his companion to do the same: then loosing the halter from the ass's head, he fitted it upon his own, and proceeded to fasten himself to the tree, exactly in the position in which they had found the animal. Next turning to Father Antony, "Go," said he, "my good brother, lead this beast back with thee to the convent, and there tell our brethren, that I, suddenly attacked by fever, have found refuge in the house of a benevolent peasant, who for the more expeditious conveyance of our collection of bread to the convent, has charitably lent thee this ass, which we may return to him next week, when in quest of provisions, or for any other purpose we may be coming this way. As for me, say, that, please God, I hope to be with them in the course of to-morrow." Hearing a proposal so extraordinary, Antony doubted if he were awake;

and, used as he was to the whimsicalities of Timothy, yet this freak appeared to him so extravagant, that he began to suspect his poor brother was really crazed, and fixing his eyes upon him with a stupid stare, stood motionless and mute. "Away!" cried Timothy, half angry, "lose no time; a moment's delay may defeat our purpose, leave me to take care of myself, and this halter may chance not to gall my neck so grievously as you, perhaps, suspect. Have I not, Antony, shewn you more than one sample of what I can accomplish? Confide implicitly in me; do what I desire, or you will repent it; begone!" This he spoke in a tone so decisive and imperative, that Antony submitted, and replied: "Since so you command, so I will do; look you to the consequences:" and forthwith driving the loaded beast before him, he punctually obeyed the directions his comrade had given. The holy brotherhood, when they heard of the accident which had befallen Father Timothy, concluded, that, since Providence orders all for the best, they must seek consolation for their brother's mischance in a pious reliance upon the divine mercy; and in the mean time be thankful that Timothy's good host should have been disposed to despatch to them, with so much provident expedition, their supply of bread.

Gilbert, having at length gathered and bundled together his faggots, hastened from the wood to place them on the back of his ass; and seeing who it was that stood in the animal's place, exclaimed, "Lord have mercy on us!" then crossed himself with trembling astonishment, and fearing that this was nothing less than a malicious trick played him by the devil, was about to run away. Recollecting, however, that the Evil One would be little inclined to assume the figure of a holy Franciscan, he somewhat checked his terror, but without any diminution of his stupor and amazement.

When Timothy observed his surprise and confusion, he could with difficulty refrain from laughing; but yet recollecting himself, and composing his countenance, he thus addressed him: "Thou art amazed, my friend, and truly not without reason, at that which thou beholdest; but what then will be thy astonishment when thou shalt learn the remainder of my story. Approach without dread; for thyself have no apprehension; but admire, in my case, the powerful hand and mysterious judgments of heaven! It was thy belief that thou hadst an ass in thy stable; whilst, under the figure of that animal, thou wert harbouring there an unfortunate Franciscan, no other than myself!"—"Can you be serious, good father?"

said Gilbert, interrupting him. "Did I not tell thee," quickly rejoined the friar, "that this thy astonishment would be redoubled by my narration; free me, I pray thee, from this disgraceful halter, the only vestige now left of my ignominy. Think not, oh my son!" (continued Timothy, when the rope was removed from his neck), "think not, that, however sanctified be the life which a mortal leads here below, he therefore becomes sinless! So frail is humanity, so many the occasions of offence, and so strong and frequent the temptations that assail us, that it is a hard thing for a man to escape; he may resolve to fly from the world, and to hide himself from its allurements, yet he carries still about him his carnal appetites, those treacherous enemies of his peace. What wonder then, if occasionally he should yield to seduction, although dwelling in the sacred asylum of piety? Even I, I myself, had the ill fortune to fall, and my sins were of that nature and degree, that it pleased the divine justice, by way of punishment, to transform me into a vile beast of burden, in order that in its shape, I might undergo the penance I too well had merited. In this most wretched condition, so severe, as well thou knowest, have been the sufferings I have endured, that it has pleased God at length, in his compassion, to raise me from my de-

gradation, and to restore me to the dignity of the human form." Gilbert, who gave entire faith to the friar's story, recollecting all that he had made the poor ass endure, was filled with sorrowful contrition, and throwing himself upon his knees before the friar, cried, in a supplicating tone: "And can you, my good father, ever forgive me the blows, innumerable as they have been, which you have had from my hands, and the curses, moreover, which you have so often heard from my lips? Atrocious, indeed, do they now appear to me, since great is my veneration for your holy order, and for your pious founder, St. Francis!"

"Let not these recollections afflict thee," said Timothy, affectionately raising him from the ground, "for heaping as thou didst thy blows upon my back and sides, thou gavest to my flesh that salutary castigation, which it was heaven's will it should sustain; rebellious as it had too often proved, it was but right that it should suffer the punishment needful to bring it back into the path of duty. Nay, I will tell thee, that in this instance thou hast rendered me no inconsiderable service; for the more frequent and heavy were the blows of thy cudgel, the more speedily was by that means my sum of penance accomplished, and the period of my deliverance accelerated;

far, therefore, from owing thee any grudge on that score, I ought to thank thee for it; and I give thee my word, that when once re-seated in my cell, as I propose shortly to be, I will be mindful of thee, and put up for thy benefit prayers so fervent, that although just now thou appearest to suffer by the loss of thine ass, thou shalt, in ample recompence, receive manifold blessings poured down upon thy family, and upon the joyful harvest of thy fields. Take, then, my worthy friend, with a grateful heart, thy wood upon thy shoulder; go, and may peace attend thee!" "But will not you, my good father," replied Gilbert, "abide with us this night? You shall want no accommodation which our cottage can afford; the hour you see is waxing late, and should rather suggest to you the thought of seeking for yourself a lodging, than of adventuring on the high road." "Son, thou hast said well," answered the friar; "but what must be my confusion on revisiting the spot where I have dwelt in such disgrace? However, since to endure the survey of the scene of my humiliation may count for a becoming act of resignation, I submit, and with God's permission will follow, wherever thou shalt direct." So saying, they proceeded to the house, and when arrived there, father Timothy pretended to be on terms of intimacy with all the family. He be-

gan to talk with great familiarity, first with one, then with another, as if they had been old acquaintances; and when at this they one and all began to express surprise, he, in a joking way, said he wondered at their estrangement towards one who had for a long period been their guest; Gilbert too assured them that such was literally the fact; and after keeping them awhile in suspense, informed them who this fellow of a friar was, and under what shape he had lived with them so long. An aged man, Gilbert's father, a young woman, his wife, and two lads, his sons, whose age did not exceed twelve or fourteen, composed this simple group. Open mouthed, half breathless, and with eyes fixed in motionless attention, each of them listened to Gilbert's story; in their countenances you might have read a mixture of surprise, devotion, and gladness, not without marks of regret and compassion, caused by a recollection of the long labours that the poor ass had sustained, the scanty nourishment of bad straw, worse hay, or vile garden weeds, which at any time had reached his manger, and the many bastinadoes or goads with which every one of them had often galled or bruised him. In pity for his sufferings past, they strove with each other who should now caress him most, and shew him the fondest regards. Two pullets, all that

remained in the coop, were forthwith put to death, and by their help, together with whatever else the cottage could muster, or the neighbourhood contribute, a repast was prepared; to which a bottle of excellent wine, long hoarded by Gilbert, but which this evening it was his pleasure to uncork in honour of his guest, gave a relish. Now, while the dishes and the cups went round, father Timothy, naturally sociable and gay, indulged his mirthful vein to a degree that delighted them all; displaying from time to time some of his most original drolleries; not forgetting, however, occasionally to recal his laughing circle to a more serious mood, by introducing, in the midst of his facetious stories, some moral or religious precept; that he might appear to them as devout, as they found him jovial and entertaining. Yet he could not so far command himself, as not to awaken in the mind of Gilbert some little suspicion; and this was principally occasioned by the notice which the friar took of Gilbert's wife, dame Cicely, who was comely and well favoured for her station, and whom he eyed with glances that seemed to betoken how gladly he would, if he could, be on terms of greater intimacy with her. She, on her part, with that veneration for the good brethren of the church which belongs to her sex, and attracted, moreover,

by his pleasant manners and conversation, could hardly look upon him with indifference. Of this the watchful husband was more than once aware; and when at last he could no longer contain himself, thus addressed the friar: "My good father, one may easily see how necessary to you is the mortification of the flesh; even after the little indulgence that you have given to it this evening, it displays symptoms of rebellion, and threatens you with a relapse into sin. If so recent an escape from your past sufferings prove thus unavailing to defend you from assaults of this nature, grieved am I to tell you that great is your danger of again assuming (aye, and very shortly too,) an asinine form; let me therefore advise you to return betimes to-morrow morning to your convent; there stay, and bastinado your carcase without ceasing, unless you prefer that a service so necessary should be performed for you by others." It is wonderful to observe how, at times, a man's passions have the power of quickening his understanding. Gilbert, who, in all his life before had never uttered a sentence which was above the common style of a labouring peasant, now that his slumbering intelligence was roused by the stimulating impulse of anxious jealousy, became all at once a fluent and able speaker. In consequence of an address so cogent

and unexpected, the friar was aware that it became him to be upon his guard, and by words and actions well considered and adapted, to steer clear of a flagellation of the flesh, which during the remainder of the evening he was careful to do.

Next morning after a hearty breakfast, Timothy returned to his convent, and told the father guardian that it was for the benefit of the monastery, that it had pleased heaven to visit him with fever; for that the good peasant, prompted by devotion towards the venerable St. Francis, had presented to the convent that useful animal, which he had lent the preceding day to friar Antony, intelligence which at first greatly rejoiced the worthy guardian; but he subsequently reflecting, that it might appear to the world inconsistent with the mendicant life of the brotherhood, and with the strictness of their rules, to maintain an ass, as if it were from indolence or self-indulgence; that hence might ensue some diminution in the charity of the faithful, and some abatement of fervent and zealous regard towards his order, prudently determined that it would be best to sell the ass, without the aid of which the brethren had hitherto gone on very well, and he therefore sent it forthwith, by a trusty person, to a neighbouring fair. There, as chance would have it, that very day was

Gilbert, who, as soon as he descried the ass, knew him, from the circumstance of his having one of his ears cropped; and going up to him, he placed his mouth close to the animal's ear, in the action of talking to him, and whispered very softly: "Lack-a-day, my good father, the rebellious flesh, then, has played thee another trick; did I not forewarn thee that this would happen?" The ass, feeling a breathing and tickling in his ear, shook his head, as if not assenting. "Deny it not," resumed Gilbert, "I know thee well; thou art the selfsame." Again the ass shook his head. "Nay, deny it not; lie not," rejoined the worthy Gilbert, somewhat raising his voice, "lie not, for that is a great sin; thee it is: yes, in spite of thyself, it is thee!" The bystanders seeing a man thus holding a conversation with an ass, believed him crazy; and gathering round him, began to put questions, some about one thing, some about another, and Gilbert advanced the strangest and most unaccountable facts, always maintaining that this was not an ass, however it might bear that resemblance, but in truth a poor miserable Franciscan, who, for his carnal frailties, was now unfortunately a second time transmuted into this form; and he then told from the beginning all the story of the incontinent friar metamorphosed into a beast of burthen. The bursts of

laughter which attended this narrative it is needless to describe. Poor Gilbert was all that day the butt of the fair; and as the owl draws after her a flight of birds, which flutter around her with various screams and chatterings, so was Gilbert, whichever way he turned, pressed upon by the surrounding crowd, who, with loud jeers and scoffs, made him their laughing-stock. At last some one among them recommended to him again to buy this unlucky animal, to feed him with the best hay he could procure, and by all kinds of good treatment to make him amends for what he had in times past caused him to suffer. This advice pleased Gilbert, who purchased the ass, and led him home. How was dame Cicely astonished, how also the old father, and the two youngsters, to see their well known ass again!

Such was the welcome they gave him, such the attentions they paid him, that never was ass in the world so fed or so caressed. Plump beyond the costume of asses became his flesh; smooth and shining like velvet his skin; but the perverse animal soon grew vicious, and prone to bad habits; already he began to give no little trouble, not to the old man, the wife, and the boys only, but even to Gilbert himself. With savage bites and rude kicks he assailed his generous benefactors, and brayed so loudly and

so continually, night and day, that he became a very serious nuisance to the neighbourhood. He more than once broke the halter by which he was tied to the manger, in order to satisfy his unruly appetite. How sadly scandalized all the family were at these brutal practices of friar Timothy, it is easy to imagine. Blamable as might seem to them all his former pranks, and unbecoming, as they doubtless were, of that probationary state to which he was condemned, they were peccadilloes compared with his last offence. Gilbert, finding that, day by day, he became more untractable, concluded that, persevering as he did in a life thus vicious and depraved, he was condemned never more to fraternize with his Franciscan brethren. He began to suspect, too, that he himself might be in some measure to blame for what had happened. " Asinine flesh and monkish flesh," said he to himself, " must not be too indulgently treated." Gilbert saw the necessity there was for returning in good earnest to that system of flagellation which had, on a former occasion, produced so beneficial an effect. With this view he again had recourse to the cudgel and to hard labour; but whether it was that the unlucky ass had by a course of gentle treatment become of a constitution too delicate, or whether Gilbert, with an over ardent zeal, carried

his regimen of severity beyond the due limits, certain it is, that the afflicted beast, unable to endure a discipline so rigid, soon died, and these good people had to deplore the eternal loss of the soul of father Timothy, who in spite of his having undergone two purgatories in an ass's shape, still died impenitent, through the execrable vice of gluttony, from which may the divine grace preserve all good Christians, not excepting the poor brethren of St. Francis.

Scipione Bargagli.

SCIPIONE BARGAGLI.*

Next in order of our novelists appears the name of the above writer, who ranks among the most distinguished of the sixteenth century for sound learning and eloquence. A few of his novels are esteemed exceedingly beautiful by native writers, though scarcely of a character to conciliate foreign regard, admitting only of a single specimen which could be found at once altogether unexceptionable and pleasing. Yet solitary as it is, it will be found to possess higher claims to the notice of the English reader, than some others of a more voluminous character, from the circumstance of its having given rise to more than one beautiful imitation, at the head of which may be mentioned a very powerful and touching poetical effusion from the pen of Barry Cornwall, while other portions would appear to have been held in view by the genius of the late lamented poet, Keats.

Bargagli was a native of Sienna, and from one of

* Author of the novels entitled, *Trattenimenti,* or Pastimes, printed by the *Giunti,* 1587, 8vo.

his dialogues, entitled *Il Turamino*, published at that city in 1602, he would appear to have assumed the rank of Cavaliero; but upon what grounds he has not stated. In this dialogue he betrays some instances of Siennese provincialisms, though it manifests at the same time his extensive learning and research into the *lingua volgare*, its origin, history, and successive modifications. In addition to this he wrote his novels, and several fine orations, one of which was pronounced in praise of the Italian academies, and a curious little work upon mottos and devices, which he dedicated to the Emperor Rodolph II. He had the honour of presenting one of these works to Ferdinand I., Grand-duke of Tuscany, in which is represented the queen bee, surrounded by the swarm, with the motto: *Majestate tantum:* an idea so flattering to the prince, as to cause him to have it stamped, as a reverse to his own head, on some of his most valuable coin. Bargagli was one of the most eminent members of the academy *degl' Intronati* at Sienna, and flourished towards the end of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In regard to the origin of his novels, he feigns their production during a period of war, when several fortresses in the Siennese territories, and, in particular, that of Montalcino, being strongly beleaguered

by the troops of Don Garzia di Toledo, in 1553, the city of Sienna itself was in danger of falling. Reduced to the extremity of famine, he describes the sufferings of the besieged, and their heroic constancy, in language, which, for eloquence and truth of delineation, yields to that of none of his contemporaries. With this appalling description he introduces his stories, dividing the work into three parts, containing six novels; all of which, if we are to give credit to the author's advertisement, prefixed to the third part, were composed during his early years; an assertion that, with writers of fiction, ought always to be received with some grains of allowance.

SCIPIONE BARGAGLI.

PART II. NOVELLA I.

Among other families, gentle ladies, that in times gone by are known to have ornamented our native city, one of the most noble, perhaps, was the Saracini; a house which still preserves unsullied its ancient worth and splendor. In the long list of names that constituted its different branches, we find mention of one Ippolito, the sole surviving heir of a distinguished cavalier. At the period we are about to refer to, he numbered no more than eighteen years, was extremely graceful and handsome in his person, of elevated mind and intellect, and much esteemed by his friends and fellow-citizens for the vivacity and courtesy of his manners. Now it fell out, as is most frequently the case with youths of a fine temperament, that he became deeply enamoured of one of the most beautiful and attractive girls in all the city, whose surpassing charms and accomplishments were celebrated wherever she had been seen. Her name was Gangenova, the youngest of three daughters left

to the care of a widowed mother, the relict of Messer Reame Salimbeni, whose family ranked among the first in Sienna, for numerous services rendered to the republic in periods of the greatest peril, though now, along with its arms and palaces, become altogether extinct; nothing of its past grandeur remaining but the name. The delight of all her relations, as well as of the society in which she moved, it was no wonder then that the fair Gangenova should so far have enthralled the soul of young Ippolito, that, by frequent contemplation of her beauties and accomplishments, he resolved to run all hazards in order to win her love. Nor had he, in the few opportunities permitted him of conversing with her, any reason for despair, since he rightly interpreted the tones and looks with which she occasionally addressed him. But in consequence of the very strict superintendence of her mother, which was exercised with greater severity over Gangenova than over her elder sisters, the interviews of the lovers were very rare; a system of intolerance so little in accordance with the open and ardent character of Ippolito, that, despising the very particular forms and ceremonies which it exacted, he was apt to grow impatient for the enjoyment of a more unconstrained society with the object he adored. With this view he made known his wishes to the

young lady's mother, leaving the terms of their future union, in the most liberal manner, wholly to her, and beseeching her only to grant him a little more of the society of her he loved. What was his surprise to receive a direct refusal, on the ground that it was the lady's duty, as a mother, to attend first to the disposal of her two elder sisters! an answer that threw the young lover into a paroxysm of mingled rage and despair. The grief of Gangenova was little less than his own, and her affection, gathering strength by opposition, was indulged with double freedom upon receiving the sanction of such an offer. Aware at the same time that her lover's conduct, in attempting to obtain an interview, added only to the jealous caution of her mother, she was at a loss in what way to proceed, being so closely watched as scarcely to be allowed to breathe the air, much less to partake of the innocent sports and amusements to which young persons of her age are attached. It was impossible, however, to preserve so strict a watch as to deprive them of all kind of mutual intelligence; and Ippolito became acquainted with her unhappy situation. She even entreated of him, in pity to her, that he would discontinue his assiduous attentions, and either absent himself, or feign absence, during a short period, from the city, as she grew fearful of the extremities to which her friends, in

their anger, might proceed. At the same time, she besought him to consider this as a proof of regard, not of coldness or indifference, as she would ever endeavour to shew herself grateful, and worthy of the high opinion that he had so kindly and nobly avowed for her. These tidings served at once to increase the passion that Ippolito already entertained, and the unhappiness he felt in being the unwilling cause of the least portion of suffering to her he loved, when he felt as if he could gladly have sacrificed his life to her happiness and repose. Still he exulted in the idea that she returned his affection, and he tried to flatter himself with the prospect of brighter days to come. And in order to convince her of the purity and disinterestedness of his attachment, he resolved, however difficult the task, to obey her wishes, and to leave for a while his native place, giving out that he was gone upon a pilgrimage to the shrine of San Jacomo of Galicia. He was moreover desirous of thus proving the sincerity of the affection of her he loved, and of ascertaining whether her regard was likely to increase or diminish by distance; and with this view, having arranged his affairs, and bid adieu to all his friends, as if on the eve of a long voyage, he assumed his pilgrim's dress, and, to the surprise and grief of all his acquaintance, left the city. When the un-

happy maiden heard of his departure, she shed many tears, regretting that she had ever proposed so harsh and trying an alternative, and upbraided herself as the sole cause of every sinister event that might chance to follow, never having imagined it possible that he would venture upon so painful and hazardous a journey. And in this she reasoned well, for when Ippolito had pursued his way until about sunset, he abandoned the great road, and, striking into one of the thickest woods near at hand, he there deposited his pilgrim's mantle, cowl, and staff; then retracing his steps in another dress, he entered, about the hour when the gates were closed, without observation, into Sienna. Proceeding direct to the abode of an old nurse, the only person whom he had admitted into his secret counsel, he there provided himself with every thing requisite for his purpose.

Now near the church of San Lorenzo, was a little country seat, with a small orchard attached, belonging to Ippolito; both of which he had presented to his aged nurse, who, on her side, had always felt the same affection for him as for an only child. Next to this little tenement lay a spacious and beautiful garden, the property of the mother of the fair Gangenova, Ippolito's beloved mistress; and here with her daughters she was often accustomed to take the air, and

enjoy the fragrance of the new-blown flowers. "Surely," thought the gentle and enamoured boy, "here at least we shall hardly be suspected; nobody will believe me bold enough to seek her under her mother's very wing; let us only find an opportunity of conversing with each other, and I cannot fail to discover some means of bringing our difficulties to a happy termination." And solely for this object did he keep himself concealed, like a bird that shuns the eye of day, within the bounds of his little cottage ground; never venturing forth except late in the evening, when, scaling a lofty wall, he descended into the garden of his beloved Gangenova, and approached close under her chamber windows. Up the side of these, there chanced to flourish a lofty and lovely mulberry tree, one of whose spacious branches overshadowed the apartment in which she lay, and where her mother kept her, as being the youngest of her charges, constant company by night. Under its shade, likewise, Ippolito was wont to take his evening station, eager to avail himself of any opportunity of beholding, or discovering himself to the object of his attachment. In this way he was soon convinced that the sole chance he had of profiting by his situation was about the hour of sunrise, when he observed the fair girl appear on the balcony, overlooking the garden, on which were placed

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

a number of beautiful plants, interspersed with lilies and violets, from which she would cull some of the sweetest to deck her lovely breast and hair. There too he observed her amuse herself with a pretty linnet which had nested itself in the noble tree, and which, won by her sweet encouragement, would hop into the window and nestle in her bosom; and it was then his delight to watch her thousand gentle looks and motions, and to imagine how delicious it would be to appropriate to himself the whole of those kisses and caresses. Often had he been on the point of accosting her, however great the risk, when her mother, her sisters, or some one in attendance, suddenly appearing, would dash all his hopes, and compel him to be doubly cautious, lest a discovery should be the cause of fresh restraints over his beloved. He next resolved to avail himself of the assistance of his kind old nurse, who, under a variety of pretences, obtained admission into the mother's house, of which she took advantage to gain the ear of the young lady, and inform her of all that her lover had done for her sake; of his passionate attachment and devotion, so well worthy a return, and his extreme desire of beholding her once more. Finding her equally delighted and surprised with what she had already heard, the nurse ventured to reveal to Gangenova the place of her Ip-

polito's concealment; and the pleasure she experienced on finding that he was so near, became almost too much for her to support. "Has he not, indeed, deserted me then? is he not really journeying far away, over seas, and in a foreign land, on my account? Oh dear nurse, tell him that his image is engraven on my soul; that I am too blest, too happy, and never more would give him reason to complain!" Upon hearing these words, the good old dame, thinking that she had happily succeeded in her mission, returned as fast as she could, in order not to forget the least portion of the message, which she well knew would carry such joy to the soul of the young lover.

Ippolito preserved the utmost caution in his proceedings, and it was not long before fortune seemed to favour his wishes; for keeping watch one evening very assiduously, he saw the arrival of a messenger, bearing tidings that the wife of one of the old lady's brothers was taken suddenly ill, and entreated to see the mother of Gangenova without a moment's delay. She was thus compelled to set out, and leave her precious charge for one night at least, to her own discretion; and Ippolito believed that he had at length an opportunity of convincing himself of the reality of his beloved girl's affection for him, by inducing her to embrace the long wished occasion, and to secure

their happiness by flying together, and uniting their fate in one. Fired with the hope, he hastened to his usual station, underneath the mulberry tree that overspread her chamber windows, and in order better to attract her attention, he shook some of its boughs, imagining that her beloved bird, if nestling there, would fly to her, and by its little cries and flutterings, lead her to appear on the balcony. Not succeeding, however, in this, he hastily ascended the tree, when soon the affrighted bird, flying with timid cries into some neighbouring shrubs, uttered such loud and sorrowful tones as to startle the gentle girl out of her slumber, who fearing some sad accident had befallen it, hastily ran to the window. With a simple veil thrown over her neck and bosom, and her fine bright tresses carelessly, yet gracefully arranged, she appeared in the eyes of her enchanted lover rather like a vision, than a creature of mortal beauty, while a mingled look of anxiety and tenderness was impressed upon her countenance. Solicitous for the fate of her little companion, she cast her eyes eagerly on all sides, when, instead of her pretty linnet, the accents of Ippolito, eager to dissipate her alarm, met her ears. The next moment she beheld him nearly at her side, and he succeeded almost in reaching her chamber window, while he

attempted to prevent her crying out, by addressing her in the lowest and sweetest tone: " Fear not, my gentle Gangenova; it is your Ippolito who speaks; fear not, either for yourself or your little favourite, for soon he will resume his blithesome notes, secure and happy as before. But mine, alas how different a fate! though far more fond, a thousand times more passionately devoted to you, serving you so long and faithfully. Had you the heart then, my sweetest, to think I was now taking my woful pilgrimage far from thee, through remote and strange parts; perhaps gone upon my everlasting journey? Oh, no, no, I knew you had not, and I have been near you day and night, ever since the period when I left my friends to go upon my feigned pilgrimage. For, alas, when I cannot turn my thoughts from you for a moment, how could I wilfully bend my steps another way? how could I find a moment's repose till I had laid my wearied limbs and my burdened heart as near you as I could possibly venture, without quite breaking upon your hallowed rest? Hath not our poor nurse told you all I have done and suffered for your sake; my lonely days, and sorrowing, yet delicious nights, past amidst the scenes you have loved, among the very trees, and fruits, and flowers, where you have wandered? nay, in

these lofty and verdant branches, that so richly and beauteously overshadow the sanctuary of my love? Often have I seen you, at the glimpse of dawn, gathering flowers, or caressing your bird; yet venturing not to intrude, afraid of calling down still further anger from your jealous guardians upon your innocent head. But my fond and unceasing vows have wearied heaven at last: your mother is gone, and the hour arrived that is to repay us for a world of anxiety and dread; the fear of losing thee, and all that promised to make life sweet to me. Yet our time is precious, and I came to gather from thine own lips, that thou dost indeed honour me with thy love; that thou wilt deign to receive my plighted vows and loyalty unto death. And this I would entreat in the name of all my anguish, all my fears for thee; by the horror of a rival's arms; and by thine own surpassing beauties, that amidst all our city's charms, have alone succeeded in rivetting my enchanted sight. Yet I know how all unworthy I am; how much better and longer thou deservest to be sought ere won. Still thou knowest my whole life and bearing, though thou canst not form an idea of the sighs and tears I have poured for thee. Pity me then; and with pity let love and reason, let all the heavenly gifts you possess, plead in my favour, and in-

duce you to receive me as your favoured and honoured lord." Here he ceased, waiting with eager and trembling looks for a reply: while the beautiful Gangenova, overpowered on her side by a thousand wild and sweet emotions, was almost unable to articulate a word. Having descended into the balcony, on her sudden alarm, to recover her favourite bird, she had attempted, on first hearing Ippolito's voice, to fly; yet surprise and terror chained her to the spot; for, having read the fabled metamorphoses of plants into mortals, and human beings into plants, on hearing a voice from the mulberry tree, her blood began to run cold, and her attempt to call out died away ere it passed her lips. Yet there was something in the tone that convinced her she need not fear, and gradually recovering her confidence, her heart seemed actually to swim in a tide of rapture, before her noble lover had concluded his passionate appeal. "Dear Ippolito," she at length replied, "it grieves me that we are so situated that it would be dangerous to tell all I have thought and felt since last we met and parted, much less the delight I have at finding you safe and near me once more. But, alas! this is no place for you; speed away, I beseech you, and think me neither hasty nor unkind, as indeed, I esteem all your love and goodness to me

as tenderly as I ought. But I fear for you, my kind Ippolito, and I entreat you to bid me one adieu, and let me see you safely depart." At this moment, hearing a noise in the antechamber, and fearful lest her sisters should approach, Gangenova hastily drew back, while Ippolito, imagining that it proceeded from her room, and hearing a rustling noise continue for some time, was seized with sudden suspicions of some rival being harboured there, either by her sisters or the fair Gangenova herself. Maddened by this idea, he no longer remained master of himself, and in his attempt to reach her window from the tree, so as to obtain a view of what was passing, such was the hurry of his spirits, that, missing his footing, he fell to the ground.

Startled at the terrific sound, the fair girl again rushed forward, bending as far as possible over the balcony, and calling on the name of Ippolito, in a subdued and gentle tone; but no longer did the sound reach his enraptured ear, where he lay deprived of sense upon the cold earth. Suspense and terror seized upon the heart of the tender girl, when she received no answer; love urged her to afford him her immediate assistance, while fear of discovery restrained her steps. Unable, however, longer to control her fears for his safety, she hastily descended

into the garden by a back staircase, rarely made use of, having remained from ancient times as a retreat in seasons of trouble, and having its outlet at the extreme part of the garden. And there, alas! she found him stretched under the mulberry tree, lying cold and pallid, apparently deprived not only of sense but of life itself.

Almost as insensible as he, she threw herself at his side. Upon recovering her consciousness, showers of tears expressed the intensity of her sufferings; her cries would have moved rocks and beasts of prey to pity, such were the piteous tones in which these words were uttered: "Sweet heavens, what dreadful thing hath happened! What malignant star hath struck with death one of the best and noblest hearts that ever beat! O where is the soul that but now shone in thy face? Wretch that I am, shall I never behold it more! Art thou fled, for ever fled, sweet guardian of my honour, my love, and peace! But what will betide them now, when every tongue will be busy with my fame? Whither shall I turn for help, reduced to such sad extremities as I now am?" And while abandoned to her woe, the hapless girl thus poured her lamentations to the night, she never ceased her endeavours to restore the object of them, by every means in her power,

rubbing his heart and temples, joining his hands and lips to her own, and trying to breathe her soul into his. Finding that he yet gave no signs of life, she sweetly folded him in her arms, and bathed his inanimate features with her tears. Ippolito's soul, just on the point of taking wing, seemed to welcome so much bliss; and suddenly recovering his suspended powers, he heard the sweet words she uttered, and found himself alive in her arms. It was then he felt himself amply repaid for all the trials he had undergone: the sweetness and extasy of the reward far surpassing all he had been able to conceive, in breathing his vows thus closely into her ear. The moment before, she was about to transfix her breast with her lover's sword in a paroxysm of despair; the next she found herself pressed to his breathing bosom, receiving, as it were, the gift of two lives restored to her at once. For some time they both remained doubtful whether to believe that all was real, and gazed upon each other as if in a dream, until the fresh spirit of their joy being somewhat abated, they sat down by each other, side by side, with that serene and ineffable pleasure which the imagined certainty of their bliss inspired. But it was destined, alas, to be of short duration; a voice was heard calling upon the name of Gangenova, gradually approaching nearer

and nearer, so that they were compelled to part almost without bidding each other adieu. The poor girl hastened trembling by the same path that she had left the house: she fancied, in the disorder of her spirits, that she suddenly heard the terrific howlings of wild beasts, accompanied by the most dismal screams and cries; and such was the impression they made upon her imagination, just after having taken leave of Ippolito, as to deprive her of the power of motion. It was long before she recovered even strength enough to regain her apartment, and with panting breast and dishevelled hair, she threw herself upon the couch, still unable to banish the terrific ideas that haunted her imagination.

In the mean while, the sisters of Gangenova, being likewise freed from the superintendence of their mother, had been innocently enjoying themselves in their chamber, frequently calling the fair girl by her name, to come and join in their diversion. Paying little heed to her silence, they continued for some time to amuse themselves with their games, until one of them, by way of adding a little novelty to the scene, crept forward in the dark, intending to surprise her in her own room. Still receiving no reply, she ran for a light, and on returning found her sister stretched upon the bed, resembling rather a lifeless statue than a

breathing human form. Calling her second sister in great alarm, they made eager inquiries into the cause of her agitation, feeling assured that something extraordinary must have happened. The poor girl was equally unwilling and unable to reply, and her sisters, in some anxiety, despatched a messenger for their mother, who lost no time in returning to resume her maternal charge. With a little more authority, she insisted upon knowing the cause of her alarm, and upbraided her sisters severely for not keeping a more vigilant watch. Gangenova declared herself quite unable to account for the manner in which she had been affected, and the others professed equal ignorance as to the cause of her indisposition. In this dilemma her mother had recourse to the advice of the most expert physicians the city had to boast, which brought no alleviation however to her daughter's alarming symptoms; not one of them being able to discover that her illness was owing to some sudden surprise, while she, far more jealous of her fair fame than of her life, concealed from every one the real cause of her sufferings. Growing rapidly worse, she became extremely anxious to behold once more her beloved Ippolito, and recollecting the old nurse, she instantly sent for her; entreating that she would, as soon as possible, acquaint him with her situation, and

find some means by which they might at least meet to take an eternal farewell. Upon receiving these sad tidings, Ippolito grew deadly pale and trembled, though at the same moment he hastened to comply with her wishes. He assumed the dress of a poor traveller, with a false beard, so as to render it almost impossible to recognize him, and set out to beg alms at several houses adjacent to that of his beloved. As he approached the latter, the lady of the mansion herself made her appearance, half wild and distracted at the situation of her loveliest daughter. Informed of the occasion of her grief, the wily pilgrim, availing himself of the circumstance, bade her not despair, as the power of the Lord was infinite, and his goodness equal to his power. Moreover, with his aid, he had himself become skilled in all the virtues of almost all the plants under the sun, and had devoted his knowledge of herbs and juices to the relief of his unhappy fellow creatures, besides possessing secrets adapted to every species of disease. The poor credulous old lady raised her hands to heaven in gratitude upon hearing such consolatory words, vowed that he had been peculiarly sent by Providence, and insisted that he should be instantly introduced to her unhappy girl. The moment Ippolito beheld her, he perceived that the tidings he had received were indeed too true.

So much was he shocked, that he could with difficulty support his character; more particularly, when he saw, from the brightening features of his beloved, that she instantly recognized him. Taking, then, the hand of the suffering girl within his own, as if to feel how fast her life-blood ebbed, he begged her attendants to stand apart, while he proceeded to try his secret prayers and charms in his own way. Ippolito was thus enabled to learn the real source of her illness from her own lips. Beholding him with a mixture of tenderness and pity, that added momentary lustre to her dying charms, she attempted, in those low soft tones he so much loved, to infuse balm into his wounded spirit. Painfully sensible of the extent of his loss, Ippolito from very grief was unable to utter a word, much less to ask the needful questions of his beloved. Wildly pressing his hand, she besought him never to forget the tender love he had borne her, and which she had seldom been happy enough to tell him how warmly and deeply she returned. "For joyful, oh, very joyful, my Ippolito," she continued, "would my departure have been to me before now, had not solicitude for your fate detained me. As it is, I die content, nay grateful, for two unexpected benefits: the one to have seen you thus, to hear you, and feel your hand in mine; and

the other, to know that I lived, and that I died, beloved by my most noble and faithful-hearted Ippolito!" It was now that the latter attempted to console and encourage her, declaring it would be his only pride to fulfil her wishes in the minutest point; but here his voice failing him, through his fast coming tears and sobs; he laid his aching head down by the side of his beloved's, and there remaining for a short time, as he breathed forth a soul-distracting adieu, he raised it again painfully, passed his hand over his eyes, and looking his last look, left the apartment. He then joined her weeping mother, and so far from holding out any hope, he said that pity for the sad and dying state in which he had found the poor patient had drawn scalding tears from his eyes. And he had not long been gone, before the gentle spirit of his love, as if unable to continue longer without him, prepared to take wing, and in a few hours actually fled, as if to prepare in some happier scene a mansion of rest for their divided loves. For the wretched Ippolito, though able to bear up long enough to behold her beloved relics consigned to earth, had no sooner witnessed all the virtues and charms he had so fondly esteemed and loved for ever entombed in the vault of the Salimbeni, than just as the ceremony was about to close, he fell dead at the foot of her

marble monument. So strange and sudden an event threw the surrounding company, by whom it was regarded as little less than a miracle, into the utmost surprise and confusion, all of them believing that Ippolito Saracini was then on his way to the shrine of St. Giacomo of Galicia. His unhappy parents hearing of this his untimely end, hastened to join their tears with those of the mother of the beauteous Gangenova, by whose side the faithful Ippolito was laid.

Giovanni Bottari.

GIOVANNI BOTTARI.

This distinguished writer and prelate was born towards the close of the seventeenth century, and we find honourable mention made of him by many of his contemporaries, and by almost all subsequent literary historians. He was more celebrated however as a scholar, and for his ecclesiastical and antiquarian researches, than for his lighter compositions in fiction. From the specimen which he afforded of them, displaying equal ability, and purity of taste, we have only to regret his want of leisure to amuse and gratify his countrymen with more abundant proofs of his genius in the same department. His productions of this description are said to have been composed with a view of attempting a new Decameron, upon the same plan in regard to its ease and simplicity of language, but of an opposite tendency, so as at once to act as an antidote to its evil, and a preservative of its good points. We are informed by Poggiali, that he was in possession of the original MS. in addition to several of Bottari's lectures, illustrative

of his own novels, as well as of other of his countrymen's. An account of his works by the learned canon Moreni, is to be found in his invaluable *Catalogue raisonnée* of the productions of illustrious writers of Tuscany. From these, which are far too numerous to notice here, we gather that he was still more celebrated as a critic and historian than as a novelist. He wrote the life of his predecessor, Sacchetti, with an account of his Novelle, published at Florence in 1725. He also gave lectures upon those of Boccaccio, wrote the eulogy of Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany; the lives of Varchi, of Galantini, and Giuseppe del Papa. His notes in Latin upon the Bellarmine controversy discover him to have been an excellent scholar, while his dissertation upon Dante displays a no less familiar acquaintance with the classic beauties of his native tongue.

GIOVANNI BOTTARI.

NOVELLA I.

You must here be informed, that in the time of St. Jerome, one of the most learned doctors of the holy church, there dwelt in Maronia, a village not far from the city of Antioch, a poor man, who supported himself upon the produce of a little farm, which he cultivated with his own hands. He had an only son, of the name of Malco, whom he supported, as well as his wife, in pretty easy circumstances; this child being the sole pledge of their affection, and from his pleasing and excellent disposition, the delight of both his parents, having attained to years of maturity, their favourite object was now to behold him married; and with this view his father one day thus affectionately addressed him: "As you know, my dear son, that you have neither brother nor sister, and are now arrived at manhood, while your parents are fast verging to old age, it would much gratify us both, could we see you united according to your wishes in wedlock. As the conso-

lation of our declining years, we shall thus be delighted to witness your happiness, bringing up your children, the sweetest solace of this our mortal state, in the fear of the Lord; whereas, should you defer such an engagement to a later period, you will encounter infinitely more risks and trouble, as may be learned from numerous examples which it were needless to specify."

After listening attentively to the kind advice offered by his father, Malco, with the greatest respect and reverence, begged to decline his proposal, alleging, as a reason, that he wished to devote himself wholly to a religious life, a resolution which gave equal surprise and concern to both his parents. They therefore gently reproached him for indulging wishes that involved the failure of their name, dying without any legitimate successors, of whom all men are more or less desirous; and urged besides a variety of other reasons, which were applied with as little success. All they could gather from him was, that upon mature deliberation he had resolved to provide only for the good of his soul, to the exclusion of all earthly considerations. In spite of all their tears and entreaties, they could obtain only the same answer, and their threats proved as unavailing as their prayers.

Both parties persisting in their respective resolutions, to their mutual annoyance, Malco, in order to avoid its perpetual recurrence, as well as to execute the object he had in view, resolved to abandon his native place, which he took an early opportunity of doing. But not venturing to depart into the east, from a dread of encountering the contending armies of the Romans and Persians, then engaged in cruel and sanguinary warfare; he took a secret route towards the desert of Calcis, and, after a few days of patient toil, he found himself amidst its vast solitude, relieved only by a solitary monastery, which he discovered in the distance, where the holy brotherhood receiving him on his arrival, he resolved to submit himself to their most rigid rules and discipline. Joyfully assuming the monk's habit, he soon began to set an example to the whole fraternity, by the severity of his mortifications, his continual fasts and watches, which had shortly the effect of consuming all the vigour and freshness of his youth, along with his natural appetites, which he completely subdued by confining himself to the very scanty fare earned by his own hands.

Having continued this mode of life for some years, he accidentally heard of his father's decease, and feeling for the situation of his widowed mother, as well as being desirous of securing his little heritage, which

he wished to convert into money, as alms for the poorer brethren, and other charitable purposes, he shortly came to the resolution of returning home. Going accordingly to the abbot, he entreated his permission to depart, at the same time bidding him a holy farewell. The good father, grown grey in experience and wisdom, was sore displeased to hear of his poor monk's intention, and pronounced it to be nothing better than a temptation of the devil, presented in this specious shape of charity, the more surely to beguile his soul; affirming that his only chance was to resist the ancient adversary in the outset, in default of which so many wise and holy men, even the fathers themselves, had oftentimes been deceived; and that the more pious and excellent the object he had in view appeared to be, the more wily and diabolical was the plan laid for his spiritual destruction. This the holy father laboured to make manifest, by many notable instances and examples; but all in vain to deter the good monk, who was obstinately bent upon returning home. For though the eloquence of his superior appeared like the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, it had not the effect of shaking his resolution a jot, not even when his kind benefactor had recourse to prayers and entreaties, and charged him with the greatest ingratitude, in thus turning

his back upon the monastery and the poor brethren, who had so hospitably received and sheltered him. He would, moreover, bring into peril both soul and body, and provoke his eternal perdition, by wilfully traversing a country lying between Baria and Edessa, beset with heathen robbers and spoilers, who delighted to shed the blood of the innocent worshippers of the true faith. "Besides," added the good father, appealing to the highest authority, "no man putting his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven; and if he persist in this line of conduct, like the dog returning to his vomit, he will soon become the lost sheep of the fold, exposed to all the fury of ravenous wolves."

Malco, nevertheless, being by no means of a soft and yielding disposition, was neither to be persuaded nor terrified out of his purpose; and embracing the worthy abbot, who consigned him over to speedy destruction, he boldly set forth upon his route, heedless of the entreaties of the whole brotherhood. As a precaution against the Moors, he united himself to a body of travellers, about to proceed in the same direction, who agreed to support and defend one another. The caravan consisted of about sixty souls, men and women, of various ranks, and their courage was speedily put to the test; for they had hardly

proceeded a day's journey, when they were suddenly assailed by a band of infidels, who sprung upon them in vast numbers from an ambush, crying, "Death, death to the unbelieving dogs!" at the same moment seizing their knives, and rapidly executing their threats. Great indeed was the outcry, the consternation, and confusion; some flying, some perishing, and some glad to be made prisoners.

Upon a division of booty after the tragedy, it happened that our friend Malco, along with a young woman, fell to the lot of one master, who mounting his prisoners upon the same camel, took his way over a long and barren waste, beyond a vast river, during which they encountered infinite toil and trouble. And when they at length attained their destination, amidst some fertile solitudes in the heart of the desert, the poor monk was set to guard his heathen master's flocks, transformed into a shepherd boy; but possessing uninterrupted time and solitude, he soon became reconciled to his situation and quite contented, believing himself now better entitled to the character of a monk than he had ever before been; a monk, in the Greek tongue, signifying nothing more nor less than a recluse. It thus became delightful to him to dwell upon the lives of the holy patriarchs, as described in the Old Testament, which it was his great

ambition to emulate as nearly as possible, having merely dreamed or read of them in his convent, but never flattering himself that he should have the happiness so nearly to resemble them. Adding to this consideration the dangers through which he had passed, he had good reason to feel satisfied with his condition, and offer up thanks to heaven for his preservation in hymns and psalms, which he could repeat extempore in great number. Too happy had he been, could he have continued in this tranquil state, had fortune been so inclined; but she was busily preparing new trials for him, while he imagined himself beyond the reach of her malice in the deep sequestered solitudes he so much enjoyed. For his master becoming sensible of his faithful and assiduous services, in the care and increase of his flocks, felt more kindly disposed towards him, and desirous of rewarding his poor slave in a manner which he thought at once agreeable and profitable. With this view, summoning his female slave into his presence, he addressed the pious Malco as follows: "I am so well satisfied, Malco, with your conduct, that I am resolved to give you some signal proof of my favour, insomuch that if you had before a motive for promoting my interests, it will render you in future doubly assiduous. Behold, I am willing to give you this fair christian

here for your wedded wife; you are fellow prisoners, and I cannot do better than unite your fortune in one: so that you may henceforward, though condemned to servitude, pass your days in peace and comfort, in the joys of domestic life."

The poor monk was sadly grieved and disconcerted at this proposal, the worst in his opinion that he had to dread. He instantaneously declared his dislike to it, adding that he was prohibited by the rules of his order, even from indulging such a wish; and besides, the lady in question had a husband most likely living, taken prisoner at the same time with themselves, though disposed of to a different master. Incensed at receiving the least opposition on the part of his slave, his master, giving way to an impulse of passion, suddenly drew his knife for the purpose of despatching Malco on the spot. And this he would infallibly have done, had not his pious herdsman sought refuge behind the slighted lady, whom he was glad enough in this exigence to embrace; and his dread was such that he became unable to utter a word, which his savage master luckily took for an acknowledgment of his error, and an inclination to submit. Concluding such to be the case, he ordered both parties to be conducted home to Malco's hut, where they were safely secured for the night. In

this great extremity the unfortunate monk stationed himself as far as possible from the hated object of his fears, considering her in the light of his spiritual adversary, whom he was to resist by every means in his power. He appeared to regard her with mingled scorn and detestation, which the fair christian on her part returned; and, buried in their own thoughts, they sorrowfully contrasted their late freedom and happiness with their present miserable lot. Such indeed was its impression upon the spirits of the pious Malco, that added to his dread of being compelled sooner or later to violate his vows, he resolved to make an end of all his troubles at a single blow. With more of the hero than the christian, he was already seen brandishing the fatal steel, and after muttering a few hasty prayers, he turned to his companion. "Fear me not," he said, "unhappy woman; but fare you well. I am going to rid myself of this world, preferring to lose my life rather than to preserve it by entering into the marriage state." Hearing his desperate intentions, and observing the deadly weapon glaring through the darkness that surrounded them, the kind lady seized the despairing man in her arms, and holding him as straitly as she could, she at the same time conjured him to have mercy on his own soul, and then falling at his feet, she thus con-

tinued: "Nay, slay not thyself, my good Malco; but take heed, lest in attempting to save thy soul alive, thou dost not by those very means contrive to lose it. If it be only a wish to preserve thy long treasured virtue that tempts thee to such despair, pray let thy mind be easy on that score; for believe me, I will sooner consent to be cut into pieces, than sin against that commandment of God which thou well wottest of, being determined to preserve my conjugal faith at all hazards. So listen to me, and be at peace; for I will teach thee how to arrange thy affairs as well as my own, in such sort, as to leave us both at liberty to pursue our respective inclinations, without incurring the tremendous vengeance of our lord and master. Let us affect submission to his wishes, while we continue to live with the affection only of brother and sister for each other; and in this way our misfortunes ought to render us dear to one another." Such a proposal Malco received with gratitude, and they contrived to deport themselves so tenderly and affectionately one towards the other, as completely to impose upon their master, who, pleased with this proof of their submission, every day granted more and more liberty to their actions. Some years elapsed in this manner, without either of them having occasion to accuse the other of a wish to infringe upon

the original conditions, their master indulging only a little surprise at not being sooner presented with a young progeny of slaves. But the pious brother, as well as his sister in captivity, becoming weary of the privations they endured, one day as our hero was standing in a desponding attitude, alone in the desert, leaning upon his crook, and gazing wistfully upon the sky, (and little else indeed there was to be seen,) he began to ponder seriously upon his past life. Surrounded by his flock, he dwelt upon his present lot, as contrasted with the pleasant life he had before led with those holy monks by whom he had been so kindly educated and cherished. The figure of his venerable abbot appeared in all the odour of sanctity before him, and there were moments when his charitable acts and converse came fresh over his memory, seeming to say that he had wilfully forfeited the salvation which he would have secured to him, besides plunging his saintly director in holy grief for his premature departure.

While revolving these bitter thoughts, he chanced to cast his eyes on an ant-hill, where he observed thousands of little busy citizens, labouring up and down the hill with all their might. Sometimes they marched in rank and file, as if conducting some important operations; some were pioneers, while others

were employed in bearing provisions, needful to the pigmy citadel. Another party was seen erecting earthen batteries against the wintry winds and floods; a second was busily biting off the heads of grains and seeds in order to prevent vegetation; and a third was seen, like pall-bearers, with the dead bodies of their brethren upon their shoulders, without in the least incommoding the proceedings of the others. More extraordinary still, such as were observed to be overburthened, received immediate succour from a company in reserve, who speedily gave their shoulders to the task. And as the whole process appeared to be conducted according to certain rules and method, those that entered were seen as if inquiring the business of such as were going out, for the purpose of ascertaining their respective duties. Poor Malco's thoughts began to dwell upon the delights of freedom and industry, as he contemplated the sight before him; slavery appeared to him in all its naked deformity, and he sighed once more for the arduous duties of a monastic life; of which he fancied he beheld so laudable an example in the busy scene before him. Upon returning to his rustic abode, he proceeded to address his female companion as follows, who expressed no little surprise at the sudden change which had taken place in his sentiments: "I will tell you

of what I have been thinking, and I hope it will meet with your approbation: I have an earnest desire to obtain my freedom." "So have I," returned his companion; "I am heartily weary of the severe and solitary life we lead here, and I am very much concerned to see your affliction. For this reason I would prevail upon you to seize the first occasion that offers of attempting our escape, as I will gladly run all risks in accompanying you." This was mutually agreed upon by both parties, who had now only to study the best means of achieving so desirable an object. And it was not long before Malco, turning to the lady, said, "Are you still in the same way of thinking, and do you feel courage enough to avail yourself of such an opportunity as we were lately speaking of, should it speedily offer?" "Yes, indeed, I do;" was her reply. "That is quite essential," continued Malco, "for if you indulge the least fear, it will necessarily involve us in greater troubles than ever. So listen while I explain all the particulars of the plan I have adopted;" and this he proceeded to do, after which he lost no time in making all the preparations he considered necessary.

In the first place he slaughtered two of the largest goats he could find in his master's flock, whose skins he converted into leather bottles, cooking the flesh so

as best to preserve it for provisions upon their route. All being in readiness, they took a favourable opportunity towards nightfall of leaving their master; following the course of the adjacent river, for about ten miles, over a toilsome and dangerous way. There Malco inflated his leather bottles, and boldly placing himself upon one of them, he let himself float in the direction of the current, inviting his companion to follow his example, which, with the utmost intrepidity, she did. In this manner were they borne a long way down the river, until they found an opportunity of landing upon the opposite side; and flattered themselves that they should thus succeed in avoiding pursuit, as their master would be unable to track them beyond the banks of the river. Although they had the misfortune to lose the chief part of their stores during their passage, they pursued their way, allowing scarcely any time for refreshment or for rest, and dreading to look either behind or before them, lest they should behold the relentless features of their incensed master, or of robbers still more ferocious. The next day the heat of the sun was so excessive, as to compel them to proceed for the most part by night; when they were infested with a variety of noxious insects, birds, snakes, and animals. On the third day of their weary pilgrimage, while journeying between

hope and despair, and at times stealing anxious looks around them, they heard footsteps hastily approaching, which, from their direction, they judged to be in pursuit. The form of their master, seeming to rise before them, added wings to their flight; and such was the terror he inspired, that, losing all their presence of mind, they no longer knew the path they took, but eagerly looked out on all sides for some place of refuge. At the moment they found their pursuers fast gaining upon them, they perceived an immense cave not far from them, on the right hand, into which they rushed with the boldness of despair. But before they had entered very far, a fresh cause of alarm arose, even greater than the former: they discovered it to be in possession of poisonous reptiles and savage beasts, whose growlings were heard resounding in the distance. For such wild and deeply concealed caverns are eagerly resorted to during the hot and fiery season, by the most ferocious animals, on account of their comparative coolness.' Affrighted at the appalling noises around them, the fugitives venturing to advance no farther, hid themselves in a little recess on one side of the passage, and sunk almost lifeless upon the ground. In the mean while their master and his attendant, for indeed it was no other, had approached the entrance of the cave, tracking

the footsteps of their victims through the sand. Dismounting from their camels, the master ordered his servant to enter with his drawn sword, while he stood with a large knife at the mouth of the cavern, prepared to give them no agreeable reception. Now it so happened that the attendant, advancing, in the obscurity of the place, passed by the recess where Malco and his companion lay. Impelled forward by the threats of his master, he began in his turn to call out with a loud voice, in order to affright the fugitives from their hiding place, and penetrated into the more remote parts of the cavern, exclaiming, "Vile wretches, and slaves as you are, do you hear your master's voice? Come forth, I say, and receive the just chastisement of your crimes; come out, and see what sort of a reception he will give you." He had hardly pronounced these words, that made the vaults of the cave echo back the sound, when, approaching the lair of a fierce and terrific lioness, she suddenly sprang upon the wretched slave, and, fastening upon his throat, bore him howling into the remotest recesses of that dismal place. His master, after awaiting his return, or the appearance of the fugitives, during a long period, in vain, began to fear that his faithful slave had been overpowered by the other two, and, without reflecting longer upon the matter, he

rushed forward, brandishing his huge knife, and shouting out his name, into the cave. At the same time he used the most opprobrious epithets towards his fugitive slaves, who lay trembling with dread upon the ground; but he had not proceeded far beyond their hiding place, when the same ferocious lioness that had just despatched his servant, stood before his path. Before he could move a single step, he felt her talons at his throat, and in the next instant lay a corpse at her feet. The furious animal, supposing her retreat had been discovered, then rushed out of the cavern, bearing her cubs in her teeth, and without returning to feast upon the dead bodies of the master and his slave, sought out for herself another lair. During the whole time that this fearful tragedy was transacting, Malco and his companion had remained still as death, witnessing, at the same time, every circumstance as it occurred, while their hearts beat fearfully at the tremendous threats of the master and his servant as they were seen brandishing their weapons, and at the sudden and dreadful appearance and the howlings of the lioness, which made their very hair to stand on end. Often was the wretched woman on the point of giving utterance to her fears, had not Malco restrained her; and when they believed the danger to be passed, they were

scarcely less affected than before, and offered up thanks to heaven for their deliverance, which they continued until the evening, not venturing sooner out of their hiding place. They then mounted the camels of the deceased, which they found supplied with provisions and wine, and recovering their spirits sufficiently to continue their journey, arrived amidst hymns of praise and gratitude about nightfall, at the outposts of the Roman army. An account of their long sufferings and adventures being conveyed to the tribune, he gave them a gracious hearing, and allowed them an escort as far as Mesopotamia, where they were recommended to the charge of the proconsul Labino. There, hearing of the decease of his worthy benefactor the abbot, Malco continued his journey into Maronia, along with the companion who had shared so many troubles with him, devoting himself, wherever he came, to the service of heaven and the church, and preserving his virtue free from the contamination of worldly vanities.

Albergati Capacelli.

ALBERGATI CAPACELLI.

The subject of the present notice may be ranked in the list of those amateur authors who flourished in Italy towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, and who sought to revive the superior energy and nature of her earlier poets and novelists. Most of these being men of rank, such as the Marchese Maffei, the two Pindemonti, Alfieri, and others of less note, they were enabled in some measure to succeed in their object, and have since been followed by such names as Foscolo, Manzoni, Monti, who have achieved what their predecessors began, and infused a nobler and better spirit into the decaying energies of their national literature.

The Marchese Capacelli entered upon his literary career as a dramatist, and, as we learn from M. Sismondi, some of his compositions were among the most distinguished that appeared at the annual meetings for the distribution of prizes, instituted by the Duke of Parma, about the year 1770. One of these dramas, entitled, "The Prisoner," merited the laurel

ALBERGATI CAPACELLI.

THE subject of the present notice may be ranked in the list of those amateur authors who flourished in Italy towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, and who sought to revive the superior energy and nature of her earlier poets and novelists. Most of these being men of rank, such as the Marchese Maffei, the two Pindemonti, Alfieri, and others of less note, they were enabled in some measure to succeed in their object, and have since been followed by such names as Foscolo, Manzoni, Monti, who have achieved what their predecessors began, and infused a nobler and better spirit into the decaying energies of their national literature.

The Marchese Capacelli entered upon his literary career as a dramatist, and, as we learn from M. Sismondi, some of his compositions were among the most distinguished that appeared at the annual meetings for the distribution of prizes, instituted by the Duke of Parma, about the year 1770. One of these dramas, entitled, "The Prisoner," merited the laurel

crown in the year 1774; nor was Capacelli considered much inferior in other branches of composition. The few novels that he produced are no less remarkable for their taste and spirit, than for the genuine pathos and good feeling which pervade them. Of these it may be remarked, as well as of his dramas, which are pretty numerous, that they are distinguished by their "peculiar ease, versatility, and wit," however little they may be adapted to the taste of foreign readers, owing to those national distinctions and modes of expression which constitute so much of the native humour of a people. As an author, he possessed equal energy and sensibility, whether we view him in the light of a novelist, or of a tragic and comic writer. "A man of the world," continues M. Sismondi, "and conversant with the best society which Italy afforded, he employed the opportunities he thus enjoyed to observe life, and to describe it with impartiality and truth."

The most successful of Capacelli's pieces was one entitled, "Dei Convulsioni;" in which he took occasion to rally those affected disorders of the nerves, so fashionably prevalent about the end of the last century, and succeeded in deterring the voluntary victims from making them the pretence of further usurpation of authority over their husbands and

their lovers; thus freeing the people of Italy from the new yoke with which they were threatened. He distinguished himself also by his critical taste and acquirements, as appears from the remarks which he made upon his own works, and from his correspondence with Count Alfieri.—(*Sismondi. Literature of the South of Europe.*)

ALBERGATI CAPACELLI.

NOVELLA II.

I WILLINGLY leave to gloomy and cold-blooded reasoners, who make a merit of reviling human nature, the unpleasant task of proving that man's life is one continued chain of woes, that there is nothing like pleasure he can call his own, and that only fools go in pursuit of it: moreover, that were he sensible of his real condition, his thoughts would be incessantly dwelling upon objects of sorrow, wretchedness, and despair. Strange were such views of life founded in truth, and stranger that they should ever be countenanced and adopted! Then why is it attempted to affect the minds of youth with similar impressions: so early introducing to their notice examples of this nature, and preparing to sacrifice the future victims, as it were, upon the altar of our own extravagant opinions? It would be far more laudable to exhibit life as capable of affording the sweetest pleasures and the most exquisite sources of delight and satisfaction. And in truth, as young people are supposed

to feel pleasure, without comprehending or being able to define it, so philosophers, who greatly boast their knowledge and exact definition of it, it is conjectured, as rarely feel it. It might be desirable to reconcile the two a little more with each other, and point out, without much subtlety or research of reasoning, how they might contrive to attain such a blessing more equally, converting our philosophers into a kind of pioneers, and young people into docile followers, while the path is made common to both; so that all should infallibly arrive in the same time and method at the long sought for delicious goal. We should not then as now, perhaps, so often perceive full grown sensible men exacting from poor boys what it is out of their power to perform, and these again wishing their superiors to descend to trifles that they are too apt to despise; the one party incapable of estimating the respective importance or levity of the other's pursuits. Were we then to fix upon some point of mutual agreement, whence to trace the origin of our most pleasing emotions, some actions calculated to impart the purest feelings of delight, we should directly pronounce beneficence to constitute that great source of pleasure, from which human beings, of whatever age or sex, may derive the most unmingled gratification. Like an harmonious

instrument, the mind, subject to its influence, will produce the sweetest music that can salute a mortal ear, replying to the hand of a skilful artist in tones of the most tender and grateful pathos. And truly, in proportion as our hearts are taught to listen to its dictates, and follow its impulses, we may be said to have created within ourselves a new sense, capable of being gratified with an inexhaustible fund of happiness. The following account may perhaps serve to exemplify this a little more clearly.

In one of the pleasantest cities of Italy resided a young cavalier of noble birth, rich, and highly esteemed, no less by his friends than by his country. Yet Rodrigo had numbered no more than five and twenty summers ; he was his own master, the only one of his family, extremely well educated, and the slave of no particular passion. His dispositions, on the other hand, were good, more bent upon reputation than upon pleasure, and he was everywhere received with the most gratifying marks of attention. Strange, then, that with all these advantages, he should feel an unaccountable tedium and dissatisfaction, and should consume a large portion of his time in idle melancholy and regret, which he was careful at the same time to conceal from observation, aware that it would excite only feelings of pity or reproach. For fortune, in-

deed, appeared to have showered her choicest favours upon him; and while he taxed himself with ingratitude, he was still unable to master those moods of the mind, that seemed to come and go at their pleasure, producing an internal conflict that intruded on his most peaceful and most agreeable hours. Wearied out at last with the continual recurrence of these feelings, he would vainly attempt to define their cause, instituting the most rigid examination into his past life and conduct, and giving vent to his regrets much to the following purport: "Whence, alas! springs the emptiness and dissatisfaction that I find in all that surrounds me? this feeling of heaviness, coldness, and disgust? I pursue the same route as others, in search of the same objects, and yet those objects never seem to afford me nearly the same degree of interest and amusement. Surely men must either deceive me by affecting more pleasure than they really feel; or I do worse, by imposing upon myself pastimes and amusements that are none, alas! to me. In the midst of such scenes, enjoyed by some with the utmost zest, in the dance, the gaming-table, or the turf, winner or loser, I turn away with a sense of weariness and contempt that I can with difficulty repress; the theatre and conversazione are still more trying, and I come back more wretched than I went. I wish I

could know what others feel and think; it might perhaps be some alleviation to find that they are as miserable as myself. At least I should like to terminate this state of suspense, though I am inclined to think it would turn out as I conjecture; that there is no real pleasure in all these frivolous pursuits, which consume our substance and our time, and that in the midst of dissipation, we are all only acting a part, and trying which best can impose upon the world. Once, indeed, I imagined that happiness consisted in getting time over as fast as possible, and avoiding serious reflection as the greatest evil: but how have I benefitted by it? Idiot that I was, not to see that life, 'which passeth like a shadow,' is of itself short enough, without our studying the art of curtailing it; but rather how we may so dispose of it, that not a moment should be uselessly or criminally employed! Arouse thee, therefore, Rodrigo: a large portion of thy days is already flown, perhaps one half, or more, or perhaps the whole. But listening only to the dictates of reason and philosophy, why should I longer continue a mode of life that oppresses and chagrins me like the present? why not turn my back upon the city, and the summer friends that flatter me the more surely to betray me, inviting me to feasts and spectacles, in order the better to prey upon my fortunes?

Did I feel happy, it were well enough; but it is paying too dearly for mere weariness and dissatisfaction. Away to the country then, to the solitude of my old woods; let me try what nature and the air of heaven will do for me; live more like a reasonable being, and set the example to others, if true pleasure should indeed be found there." With this resolution he set off the next day, a fine spring morning, after having arranged his private affairs, to one of his villas, very delightfully situated at a considerable distance from the city. There for a little while he found relief from the change; and apparently contented, if not happy, he adopted a new plan of life, dividing his hours between religious and literary exercises, in walking and the chase, keeping his mind at the same time free from the wilder passions, from jealousy, rivalry, and ambition, and surveying, with the eye of a disinterested spectator, the course of human passions and events. He was at first apprehensive of being interrupted in his retirement by some of his acquaintance; but in this he was agreeably deceived, for the world takes little interest in the quiet and well regulated occupations of a sensible man, and considers such a life, especially in early years, as little less than actual burial alive.

In about a month, just as he was flattering himself

that he had become reconciled to his new system, he felt a slight recurrence of his old feelings, which, increasing upon him by degrees, revived all the internal wretchedness and commotion under which he had formerly laboured. Yet he found within himself no cause for repentance or remorse ; his life was blameless ; but an insuperable weariness and indifference poisoned all his hours. Often he was on the point of despair ; and it was only a sense of religion that prevented its worst effects, inspiring him with a humble yet zealous faith, to seek that relief for a wounded spirit where alone it is to be found. " Ye pitying heavens," he cried, " still wearied with my sighs and prayers, one further boon alone do I venture to ask, that in the few brief days I may have yet to number upon earth, I may be led to know in what true happiness, if such in this world there be, really consists !" He continued some time in a devout and imploring attitude, after uttering these words, nor was it long before he seemed to hear a voice that whispered : " Go forth, seek, and you will find it." The next moment, as if inspired with new strength, he rose, and sallied forth, though undecided what path to pursue. The idea of his usual pleasures and exercises, however, had no place in his soul ; he felt an undefinable tenderness and elevation of spirit, as he

walked with a slow and mournful step, casting at times an anxious and inquiring look on the scenery around him, covered with the tender and immature verdure of spring. His feelings growing more warm and enthusiastic, he proceeded at a more rapid pace, and passed the usual bounds to which his walks had been limited. The day was dying away; a dubious twilight alone remained, just enough to enable him to descry the different paths that lay before him. Resolving not to return to the villa that night, unless he met with some key to the mystery in which he seemed involved, he abandoned himself to chance, pursuing the route that lay nearest to him, in which he confidently advanced. Though surprised by the night, he relaxed nothing of his vigour and resolution. Utter darkness, or the splendour of noonday, in the excited state of his feelings, were equally the same. No recollections of a painful nature, no crimes disturbed the serenity of his soul; he was innocent; and no vain fears haunted his imagination; for spectres either exist not, or are only permitted to torment the bad. Neither were the roads infested with banditti, the governor having already extirpated them from the state. Suddenly however, upon the left, he encounters a huge mass of rocks, rising as it were amidst a few surrounding shrubs and trees; and soon he hears

the sound of lamentable voices, issuing as he imagined from some horrid cavern, whose tones pierce him to the heart. He feels a strange tumult in his breast; while an indescribable impulse hurries him forward to approach the place whence the sounds seem to proceed. He hastens to the spot: and beholds, indeed, a most piteous sight; a group of squalid wretches, distended upon a heap of rocks and stones, which appeared, against all reason and probability, to have been made the refuge of beings bearing the shape of humanity. When his wonder had a little subsided, he perceived a narrow, half ruined outlet, which apparently served the wretched outcasts both for door and window. Upon reaching the place he discovered, by the dying light of a lamp, a man nearly naked, stretched upon a little straw, while four young boys, in a still more tattered condition, stood around, weeping and wringing their hands as if their little hearts would break. Sometimes they would throw their arms about him and kiss him; when, on hearing the noise made by Rodrigo on his entrance, the man slightly raised his head, but without the least expression of alarm; for what had he more to dread? The children, likewise, turned eagerly towards him, as if above all fear; for they too had been too well tutored in the bitter school of

penury, squalidness, and tears. Deeply touched at such a scene, Rodrigo hastened to the man's side, attempting to console and reassure him, at the same time promising to return speedily with succour. "There is no help for me," replied the poor man, "now famine has done its work; but I would fain recommend these poor innocents to thy notice, for whose sake alone I have wished to prolong this wretched life. Their tears long inspired me with courage to bear up, and the sweet features of that boy, so like those of his mother, who is happily spared the anguish of such a sight, were alone sufficient to inspire me with new strength, while strength availed any thing for our support. Were I assured these unhappy pledges of our love would not speedily follow us to the tomb, the victims of the same fate, I should at least die in peace!" and here, overpowered with the depth of his affliction, the wretched man ceased. Rodrigo could not refrain from tears: "Alas," he exclaimed, "what a sight is here! well indeed may these tears bathe my cheeks, yet they are sweeter far than the false smiles I wore in scenes of festivity and splendour. Take heart, poor man," he continued, "you will not die; and weep no more, my good children; bear up a little longer and I will return!" Then with the speed of love, no longer irresolute and slow, Rodrigo hastens back to his villa;

a new soul seems to inspire him; he is no more like the same being; beneficence guides his steps; and upon again reaching home, where his domestics were full of anxiety at his absence, and preparing to issue forth in search of him, he is scarcely recognised by the rapidity and animation of his manner. Yet they were rejoiced to behold him safe, for he was not a tyrannical master; and were on the point of expressing their satisfaction, when he interrupted them with orders to prepare his carriage, and to select food and clothing, while he himself directed them, assisting with his own hands. Two large chests of clothes and provisions being thus prepared, a quantity of wine and medicine was added, and the whole despatched by several porters, with directions to the spot. The moment his carriage appeared, he gave orders whither to be driven, and taking his seat by torchlight, for it was then past midnight, he motioned one of his favourite attendants to accompany him. "Does the driver," inquired his master, "understand me?" "Yes," said the other, "and I know the place perfectly well. There is a family of poor people starving in a dwelling among the rocks. They are not unknown to me, and I have occasionally afforded them my mite!" "You have!" exclaimed his master, in a tone of surprise; "you assisted them, while I never

afforded them any thing. Oh, Benedict, you have made me blush for my name, my station, and my wealth. You have anticipated your master in doing good; but you shall assist me to repair my past negligence and errors: we will go together, we will make the drooping hearts of thousands sing for joy! Be quick! let us commence the soul-inspiring and delightful task. Life is yet worth something; I feel as if I might yet be happy: when shall we be there?" Soon approaching the refuge of despair, Rodrigo alighted, and accompanied by his faithful servant, began his work of charity and love. To feed the hungry and clothe the naked was his first care: the poor children crowded round him, and with a strength of filial attachment that surprised him, they all four hastened, before tasting a morsel, with a portion of what was given them to their father. Rodrigo's eyes overflowed at the sight; but they were not tears of unmingled bitterness. A new species of happiness dilated his breast; he had just snatched five of his fellow-creatures from the jaws of famine and an untimely grave. Upon recovering a little strength, their eyes were all directed towards him, their hands met his, their voices became louder and louder in his praise. It was then Rodrigo felt an emotion of happiness he had never before experienced, as he sought

to repress the vehemence of their gratitude. He raised the aged father, who had thrown himself at his feet, and, embracing the children, retreated from the spot; after leaving further directions with his faithful domestic.

On inquiring into the cause of their sufferings, he found that they were wholly unmerited, the unfortunate family having been made victims to the cupidity and cunning of an unprincipled character, who had ruined them by a lawsuit. But their misfortunes were now at an end; it was reserved for the now happy Rodrigo to restore them to their former credit and respectability. He invited them to his villa; succeeded in gaining for them a new trial, and in punishing the villain who had oppressed them. Nor was this all; for having once experienced the delight of doing good, he never relaxed in his efforts, spreading blessings everywhere around him, and often observing, in the fulness of his heart, "At length I have discovered in what true pleasure consists."

Francesco Soave.

FRANCESCO SOAVE.

Of this writer, and a few other Italian novelists belonging to the latter half of the eighteenth century, we meet with no published accounts extant; a circumstance, perhaps, that may be expected to occur in a list of names, so numerous as the present work affords, chiefly celebrated for their lighter compositions in prose fiction. In fact, it will be perceived that most of the novelists we have recorded were men of distinguished talents, possessed of considerable influence in their respective states, and not unfrequently employed in important offices and embassies. Where this, however, has not been the case, we find that the simple character of a writer of fiction, estimable and amusing as it may in itself be, has not always proved sufficient to hand down the author's name and merits to posterity. Hence the occasional occurrence of anonymous productions that we have already noticed; and of a few authors, as in the two succeeding instances, whose stories, excellent as they are in their way, have not elicited any critical remarks and discussions. Neither in Fabroni nor Moreri, the most recent of Italy's literary historians, do we find any account of the authors here alluded to, notwithstanding our utmost research,

FRANCESCO SOAVE.

NOVELLA II.

All are desirous of happiness, and all more or less study the means of attaining it. Yet we scarcely meet with any one who will not admit that, in spite of his best directed and most persevering efforts, he has failed in the object of his wishes. How then, we may inquire, does it happen that, amidst so many candidates for the prize, not a single one should prove the victor, and bear away the olive-branch in peace, the envy of his less happy fellow-mortals? Can we all of us mistake the way, pursuing, as we do, such a diversity of routes; or, misled by false guides, do we track the fugitive through paths by which she is inaccessible, and which defy our most ingenious efforts? Such, it is to be feared, is the real fact; and the following tale, however fanciful, will be found to contain some important truths exhibited under the veil of fiction, that may serve to illustrate the object we have in view.

An Arabian shepherd, whose name was Alimek, as he stood one day idly watching his flocks, or wander-

ing amidst the green pastures, chanced to espy, under the side of a mountain, a deep grotto, half hidden in the surrounding trees and bushes; and impelled by curiosity, with some difficulty approached the entrance, which he found very wild and dismal, though a ray of light, descending from above, broke upon him as he advanced. Pursuing its direction, he discovered in the farther recesses of the cave, carefully deposited on one side, a purse, a ring, and a sheet of old parchment. Seizing the purse with the utmost avidity, the poor shepherd had the misfortune to find it empty, and exclaimed, in a tone of vexation, "Now a plague upon thee, I thought thou hadst been something better than a mere outside. Thou canst not even boast a single piece, be it more or less, so even lie and rot where I found thee;" and he flung it indignantly upon the ground.

As it fell upon the rock, a sound was heard that bore a great resemblance to the chinking of gold; and Alimek as hastily snatched it up again as he had parted with it before. What was his astonishment to find it full! "Heavens," he cried, "what is this! By our prophet, there is some enchantment here; and I will take care to turn it to good account." Then having secured the gold, he next took the ring and parchment, and hastened as fast as possible out of

the grot. "Farewell, O ye ancient woods," he cried, "no more shall you behold me sporting in your pleasant shades. The favourite of fortune, I must now forsake you for the busy city; for the splendour and delights of Mecca." The next moment he found himself transported thither, and, gazing around in the greatest confusion and surprise, he had recourse to the parchment, where the following directions met his eye. "The purse will fill again with gold as often as you please; and the ring will not fail to transport you whithersoever you think proper." Delighted at these tidings, Alimek's first wish was to visit different countries, and this he speedily sought to indulge. Owing to the facility of his conveyance, he was enabled to traverse a variety of regions in a short space of time, and at first he felt much interested in observing the diversity of climates, inhabitants, and natural productions, comparing customs and manners, as well as the people, with each other. Soon, however, he began to grow weary of this, and he found, upon a nearer view, that the apparent varieties with which he had been in the outset so much pleased, began to vanish on a nearer inspection; that art and nature are far more uniform in the objects they present to our view than he had supposed; and that all the usages and customs of mankind trace their origin to the same

human passions, and are merely characterized by the most trivial differences. The desire of novelty at length ceased altogether, his curiosity being satiated, and he found travelling so very irksome, that he became glad to enjoy a little repose, as affording far superior gratification.

With this view he selected the city of Constantinople, for the scene of his future repose and pleasure, being enabled, by his unfailing wealth, to gratify his tastes to what extent he pleased; while the concourse of such a variety of nations would supply him, at the same time, with all the novelty he had coveted in his different travels. Here he adopted a regular system of epicurism, indulging himself in every species of pleasure and caprice, that he thought at all likely to conduce to his happiness. Much sooner than he expected, however, he became weary of revelling and rioting in the luxuries of the east: not only the edge of every pleasure was blunted, but his very appetites palled and failed, in spite of the most ingenious artifices to renew their zest. Reduced to this condition, he was seized with such intolerable ennui, as to feel life a burden to him wherever he went. A violent fever, the effect of his excesses, was alone sufficient to rouse him from this torpid state, convincing him how little a soft and voluptuous

life is calculated to bestow happiness; and he vowed, in future, to devote himself earnestly to business, and incessant occupations of some kind. His prodigious wealth quickly procured him friends and patrons in abundance; while his superior knowledge and accomplishments, acquired during his travels, enabled him to discharge some of the highest offices with great credit and success. In this career he gradually continued to rise until he at length attained the rank of Grand Vizier, when he found his avocations so numerous, besieged as he was by petitions on all sides, and charged with the orders of the sultan, that he hardly possessed a moment for repose. What with the caprices of an effeminate monarch, the intrigues among the ladies of his seraglio, the conspiracies and cabals of rebels and rivals, he not only found sufficient business to keep him alive, but was kept in a continued state of fear and agitation. Nor was it long before he felt to his cost that such state, dignity, and honours, are only a more illustrious species of slavery; and all his thoughts became bent upon a decent and safe retreat from office. But, just as he was on the point of soliciting his discharge, tidings of a warlike nature came from Persia, which compelled him to issue instant orders for the reinforcement of the sultan's armies, for the purpose

of chastising the growing pride and insolence of his enemies. It was now that he felt a thirst of glory first animate his bosom, and he prepared with alacrity for the combat.

In the opening of the campaign, two brilliant victories rewarded his efforts; the enemy was discomfited on all sides, and driven once more beyond the limits of Turchestan. The name of Alimek resounded throughout the empire; he was crowned with honours and applauses by the great, while the Grand Signior was preparing to receive him in his capital with the most sumptuous display of pomp and power, the better to grace his triumph. But the vizier, too much elated with his successes, had the imprudence to advance incautiously into the enemy's territories, and unluckily fell into an ambush, from which it became impossible to rescue his army without very considerable loss. From that moment the magic of his name was gone; the scene was changed, and his praises were turned into threats and execrations; while instead of his promised triumphs, he found himself saluted by certain death in the form of the bowstring.

It was now that he experienced the benefit of his ring, as well as of his purse; by virtue of which he disappeared, and after traversing various regions of

India, still accompanied by anxiety and ennui, he finally took up his residence in the city of Golconda. Here there chanced to reign a princess of such surpassing beauty, that she was regarded as the wonder of all Asia. Alimek became deeply enamoured of her at first sight, and eagerly sought an introduction to the court, which he as easily obtained. The magnificence in which he there appeared arrayed, his highly polished and agreeable manners, together with the elegance and wit of his conversation, failed not to attract the regard of the Princess Selima, who soon began to take singular pleasure in his society, inviting him to all her parties, and requesting him to take up his residence some time at Golconda. Here he engaged with equal ardour in the feast, the chase, and the joust, giving the most sumptuous entertainments, and surpassing the proudest and most ambitious, in his pomp of dress, his jewels, and the richness of his train. Thus by degrees he insinuated himself into the confidence of the fair Selima, who soon conceiving a violent passion for him, held out hopes of conferring upon him her hand. At length Alimek imagined he had reached the summit of happiness, of which he had so long been in search, when the other courtiers, whose jealousy took the alarm at the superior influence of a mere stranger, so effectually combined

against him, that by aid of the blackest calumnies, they not only effected his disgrace with the princess, but obtained a warrant for his execution, which would doubtless have taken place, had he not made a speedy appeal to the mercy of his ring.

Again Alimek took his departure with feelings of regret and indignation, proportioned to the insult and disappointment he had suffered. Happiness had thus vanished when in his very grasp, and he now felt himself alone, a wanderer on the earth, comfortless and discontented with every thing, and careless whither he directed his steps. In this mood, he approached the confines of China; and as he was traversing, immersed in thought, the dreary solitudes before him, he suddenly heard, not far from him, sounds of festive mirth and triumph. Curious to learn whence the voice of revelry and song proceeded, he succeeded in tracing the sound, until he arrived at a rural hamlet, where he found a group of villagers celebrating the customary games and sports of the season, all vieing with each other in the ardour of their joyous spirit. So pure and heartfelt, indeed, did it appear, even when depicted upon the face of age, as to induce our hero to approach a venerable figure, whose aspect retained a degree of life and spirit, that apparently bade defiance to the weight of years. The old man gazed upon

the merry scene before him with sympathetic pleasure, and he received the inquiries of the stranger with an air of intelligence and courtesy that won his regard. "This is by no means an unusual sight with us," he replied; "this day is one of our holidays, consecrated to the worship of our gods, and to innocent pastimes and repose. It makes the hours at least pass pleasantly, and that is not a small thing gained." "True," said Alimek, "it must be a delightful reward of your late toils, and the wretched lot you are in general condemned to suffer, earning your scanty fare." The old man smiled: "I have passed my sixtieth year," he continued, "in the state of life you allude to, and I have only to offer up my prayers to the gods for having spent it so pleasantly. I was never unhappy; though I am well aware that you great ones of the world imagine that true felicity can by no means exist unaccompanied with store of gold and silver, diamonds, and other precious gems, which are quite unnecessary, and never enter into the calculation of us villagers, who are rather inclined, whenever we behold the distressing sights, the tumult and disquietude of your cities, to indulge sentiments of compassion, not of envy and admiration. You are strangers to peace: avarice, ambition, or strife, effectually banish repose; and where content

dwells not, happiness can have no place. Yet are not we, simple villagers, as rich as the proudest citizens in the world? All that they attempt to enjoy by means of their precious metals, becomes ours without the toil and inconvenience attending such a transfer. Our flocks and herds, together with the fruits of the earth, supply us with every thing needful; and we can want no more while we are content." Surprised at the old man's language, and desirous of ascertaining in what manner he contrived, amidst so many labours and privations, to be far happier than he had ever felt himself in all the variety of pomp and splendour, of luxury and of power, which he had so long enjoyed, Alimek adopted the resolution of sojourning for some time near him, and of solacing his sorrows with the contemplation of the harmless sports and pastimes of the children of the hamlet. "It appears extremely singular," he said, addressing the old man, "that compelled, as you appear to be, to suffer continual toils and hardships, you should yet feel any degree of satisfaction, and even be enabled to converse of happiness." "Labour," replied the aged man, "may indeed appear a dreadful punishment to a man sunk in abject sloth and effeminacy; but to us, who are habituated to it, it is rather a pleasure, affording variety and relief. And

never did I spend so many weary and irksome hours, as when, disabled by indisposition, I was no longer equal to the discharge of my former duties and avocations; to do nothing was to me a real grievance, an intolerable evil. Moments then appeared as if converted into years, and that period was the most unhappy, I think, of all my days. But as soon as I resumed my former occupations, the evening always surprised me ere I was aware; the tedium and anxiety I had felt, vanished I knew not how; though I am at no loss to recognize them again, whenever I visit the crowded streets of your great cities, depicted on the features of the idle and the vain, the avaricious, the dissipated, and the bad." "Yet the perpetual recurrence of fatigue," interrupted Alimek, "which you endure, must be more intolerable, I think, than the life you here describe." "As to fatigue," returned the old man, "it is certainly a great hardship upon a slave, who is compelled to exert himself beyond his powers, but not upon free agents like ourselves, who can take our needful refreshment and repose; thus being enabled to resume our labours with fresh vigour and alacrity. Nor did I ever desire my fellow labourers and assistants to perform heavier tasks than they were equal to, or than I was willing to undertake myself. Upon

such conditions labour ceases to be an evil; it is on the contrary, a wholesome and pleasant exercise, calculated to promote cheerfulness, and banish idle and uneasy thoughts. By the same means the body becoming more firm and vigorous, is better enabled to resist disease, to which indolent and dissipated people are so frequently liable. Then how sweet is the taste of food, how sound the repose that follows a due exercise of the corporeal powers; besides the noble consciousness of independence, supporting ourselves and families, and deriving these advantages from the labour of our own hands, a species of pleasure of which the great ones of the earth can form no adequate idea. Every fresh furrow drawn in my field seems to me another promise of the joyous harvest season, and it is a pleasure to observe the result of our labours gradually arriving at full maturity."

"Yet the fruit of your exertions after all," said Alimek, "is but a little matter, more especially when compared with all that the wealthy are enabled to enjoy without any anxiety or trouble." "However little," returned the old man, "it matters not, provided it be sufficient; and when I slake my thirst at this transparent stream, why should it concern me that any other may have it in his power, if he please, of quaffing up the whole of the great river

Hoang? Or let him possess the same measure of land: my field and my flock are enough to furnish me with every thing needful to my support, my raiment, and my repose. Now happiness does not consist in much beyond these, beyond the tranquil enjoyment of the fruits of our own industry, satisfied with what fortune is pleased in addition to bestow. In truth such as lie buried in sloth, sunk in luxury and effeminacy, are far more poor, and more to be pitied than we are, inasmuch as their desires, still craving for more, can never be gratified, while nature herself is careful to draw the limits of our wants, which she as easily and kindly satisfies. With you it is different, caprice being the only law by which the fashionable, the wealthy, and the worldly-minded choose to obey; and hence arise a thousand absurd wishes and wants, which, as they cannot all be gratified, become the fruitful source of disquietude and woe. If you will deign, then, to afford credit to the experience of age, and I have enjoyed ample opportunities of judging, no less amidst the busy haunts of cities, than the silent and solitary scenes of nature, you will agree that three things only are requisite to happiness, though these are indispensable, namely, tranquillity, occupation, and content. Take heed to preserve your mind in peace, by keeping

enmity and discord at a distance, by restraining the more unruly passions, and by supporting with firmness the unavoidable evils of life, while you may effectually banish ennui by constant and regular employment: make use of the blessings bestowed by heaven, with wisdom and moderation: finally, try to be content, and you will not be unhappy."

Astonished at finding so much true philosophy and good sense in an old villager, Alimek was deeply affected by his reasoning, as well as with all that he saw and heard. On taking his leave, he continued to ponder over the past, and the more he considered, the more true did the words of the old man appear. "So the felicity I have so long been in search of," he exclaimed, in a tone of chagrin, "was from the first within my grasp, while I have been wandering throughout the world in pursuit of it in vain. The familiar friend and companion of these villagers, it seems to have flown from my embraces the more earnestly I sought its aid. Of what service, then, has been the secret, the unhappy secret that I first discovered in the grot, and which I believed was fraught with blessings. Wearied and disgusted with all I have seen during my long and frequent travels, the strife, envy, and depravity of mankind, varied only as folly and extravagance dictate, palled with repeated plea-

sures that never gave me any real satisfaction, and brought me to the brink of the grave; and tormented by vain ambition, anxiety, and intrigue; my best exertions rewarded only with a prospect of the bowstring; even betrayed by the woman I most loved on earth, who gave orders for my execution at the moment that she flattered me with the promise of her hand; why did I fear the loss of life, and why do I still bear the odious and insupportable burden of existence? Far better to have remained in my native fields, the child of nature and simplicity! There my food, though not artificial, was wholesome and refreshing; my raiment, though simple, was warm, and suited to the seasons. much better than the vain and capricious fashions I have since adopted." Revolving these thoughts during the whole of the ensuing night, he rose at the break of day, with the intention of requesting the old man's permission to reside with him, in order to acquire some share of that independence and happiness he so much coveted. The old man smiled: "I rejoice," he said, "that our simple and peaceful way of life, so different from all you have before experienced, can possess any charms for you, though I fear you will hardly fancy it, particularly if you suppose happiness to be confined to any one place, even to the quiet retreats of the country. Without content of

mind it will in vain be sought for anywhere, and with it happiness may be enjoyed in the crowded haunts of cities as well as in the wild. Moderation and government of the passions will insure it everywhere." "But, my old friend," replied Alimek, "a country life is by no means so new to me as you seem to imagine; I dare say I should resume it with much pleasure." And here he acquainted the aged villager with his origin, his miraculous discovery in the grotto, and all his subsequent adventures. Then presenting him with the magic purse and ring, of which he had become heartily weary, he entreated, as the only return, that he would consent to give him refuge from the stormy passions, the intrigues, and the vanities of the world. "Very gladly," replied the other; "and I will accept what you offer me, though I shall take care not to avail myself of their powers: just heavens forbid! I will retain them, in case you should repent the conditions you have just made; for, however wise, I think they are a little precipitate. In this way you will be enabled to resume your miraculous gift when you think proper, should you find our mode of life too little suitable to your feelings, and too great a contrast to your former adventures and exploits." "Fear me not," replied Alimek: "I have only to express my gratitude for

your kind advice, and your kinder reception of me. The days of my vanity are over ; I have experienced the folly of riches, ambition, glory, and of all the boasted happiness that the world can afford." Strange as such a resolution may appear, Alimek firmly adhered to it ; his perseverance produced content, and finding himself growing happier every day, he imagined he could pursue no better plan than to unite himself still more nearly and intimately with the old man's family. With this view, he cast his eyes upon one of his daughters, a beautiful woman, whose modesty and domestic virtues were still superior to her beauty, and whose conduct formed a pleasing contrast to that of the princess, who so vilely betrayed our hero, when on the eve of marriage. Having now possessed himself of that happiness which neither riches, nor pleasures, nor honours had it in their power to bestow, Alimek finally determined to bury the purse and the ring where they should never again be discovered; being well convinced that they only instigated their possessor to render himself miserable, by seeking for real bliss where it can least be found.

NOVELLA III.

It was during the late severe season, a winter remarkable for its long and inclement frost, experienced with equal rigour throughout Italy, France, and Germany, where the largest rivers were rapidly congealed, and people were seen to fall dead with cold, that in the French town of Metz, a poor sentinel was sent upon guard on one of the bitterest nights, when a fierce north wind added to the usual cold. His watch was in the most exposed situation of the place, and he had scarcely recovered from a severe indisposition; but he was a soldier, and declared his readiness to take his round. It chanced that he had pledged his affections to a young woman of the same city, who no sooner heard of his being on duty, than she began to lament bitterly, declaring it to be impossible for him to survive the insufferable severity of such a night, after the illness under which he still lingered. Tormented with anxiety, she was unable to close her eyes, or even to retire to rest; and as the night advanced, the cold becoming more intense, her fancy depicted him struggling against the fearful elements, and his own weakness; and

at length, no longer able to support himself, overpowered with slumber, and sinking to eternal rest upon the ground. Maddened at the idea, and heedless of consequences, she hastily clothed herself as warmly as she could, ran out of the house, situated not far from the place of watch, and with the utmost courage arrived alone at the spot. And there she indeed found her poor soldier nearly as exhausted as she had imagined, being with difficulty able to keep his feet, owing to the intenseness of the frost. She earnestly conjured him to hasten, though only for a little while, to revive himself at her house; when having taken some refreshment, he might return; but aware of the consequences of such a step, this he kindly though resolutely refused to do. "But only for a few minutes," she continued, "while you melt the horrid frost, which has almost congealed you alive." "Not an instant," returned the soldier; "it were certain death even to stir from the spot." "Surely not!" cried the affectionate girl, "it will never be known; and if you stay, your death will be still more certain: you have at least a chance, and it is your duty, if possible to preserve your life. Besides, should your absence happen to be discovered, heaven will take pity upon us, and provide in some way for your preservation." "Yes," said the sol-

dier, "but that is not the question; for suppose I can do it with impunity, is it noble or honourable thus vilely to abandon my post, without any one upon guard?" "But there will be some one; if you consent to go, I will remain here until you return. I am not in the least afraid; so be quick, and give me your arms." This request she enforced with so much eloquence and tenderness, and so many tears, that the poor soldier, against his better judgment, was fain to yield, more especially as he felt himself becoming fainter and fainter, and unable much longer to resist the cold. Intending to return within a few minutes, he left the kind-hearted girl in his place, wrapping her in his cloak, and giving her his arms and cap, together with the watchword; and such was her delight at the idea of having saved the life of her beloved, that she was for a time insensible to the intense severity of the weather. But just as she was flattering herself with the hope of his return, an officer made his appearance, who, as she forgot in her confusion to give the sign, suspected that the soldier had either fallen asleep or fled. What was his surprise, on rushing to the spot, to find a young girl, overpowered with alarm, and unable to give any account of herself, from her extreme agitation and tears.

Being instantly conducted to the guard-house,

and restored to some degree of confidence, the poor girl confessed the whole truth; soliciting, with the anguish of doubt and distraction, a pardon for her betrothed husband. He was instantly summoned from her house, but was found in such a state of weakness from the sufferings he had undergone, as to leave little prospect of his surviving them. It was with much difficulty, with the assistance of medical advice, that he was restored sufficiently to give an intelligible account of himself, after which he was placed in close custody, to await the period of his trial.

"Far happier had it been for me," he exclaimed, on being restored to consciousness, "far happier to have died at my post, than to be thus reserved for a cruel and ignominious death." And the day of his trial coming on, such was the politic severity of martial law, as he had well foreseen, that he was condemned to be executed within a few days after his sentence. Great as was his affliction on hearing these tidings, it was little in comparison with the remorse and terror that distracted the breast of his beloved girl, who, in addition to the grief of losing him, in so public and ignominious a manner, accused herself as the cause of the whole calamity. He, to whom she had been so long and tenderly attached,

was now to fall as it were by the hand of his betrothed bride! Such was the strangeness and suddenness of the event, that her feelings being wrought up to the highest pitch of excitation and terror, her very despair seemed to give her strength; and, casting all fear of consequences aside, she made a vow to save him, or to perish in the attempt. Bitterly weeping, and with dishevelled hair, she ran wildly through the city, beseeching pity and compassion from all her friends and acquaintance, and soliciting every body of rank and influence to unite in petitioning for a pardon for her lover, or that her life, she being the sole author of the fault, might be accepted in the place of his.

The circumstances being made known, such was the tenderness and compassion excited in her behalf, and such the admiration of her conduct, at once so affectionate and spirited, that persons of the highest rank became interested for her, and used the most laudable efforts to obtain a free pardon for the poor soldier. The ladies of the place also exerting their influence, the governor, no longer proof against this torrent of public feeling, made a merit of granting him forgiveness, on the condition of his being immediately united to the heroic and noble-hearted girl, and accepting with her a small dona-

tion, an example which was speedily followed by people of every rank, so that the young bride had the additional pleasure of presenting her beloved with a handsome dower, which satisfied their moderate wishes, and crowned their humble happiness.

Gianfrancesco Altanesi.

GIANFRANCESCO ALTANESI.

NOVELLA I.

If it be truly observed that the relative position in which mankind are placed, requiring the mutual assistance of each other, is the real origin of every contract, the same obligation may perhaps be equally admitted with regard to friendship, which may be considered in the light of a contract between two persons mutually to love and esteem one another. To participate, moreover, in each other's pleasures and misfortunes, is another part of such a covenant less easy of fulfilment; for though it may be comparatively easy to partake of one another's prosperity, it would be a difficult task to find one who is apt to feel as much for his friend's calamities as for his own. Hence, if we have reason to complain of the want of good faith, as exemplified in the breach of nearly all kinds of contracts between man and man, how much more justly might that of friendship be charged with the number of its perjuries; insomuch that a true friend may well be esteemed, as he unfor-

GIANFRANCESCO ALTANESI.

NOVELLA I.

If it be truly observed that the relative position in which mankind are placed, requiring the mutual assistance of each other, is the real origin of every contract, the same obligation may perhaps be equally admitted with regard to friendship, which may be considered in the light of a contract between two persons mutually to love and esteem one another. To participate, moreover, in each other's pleasures and misfortunes, is another part of such a covenant less easy of fulfilment; for though it may be comparatively easy to partake of one another's prosperity, it would be a difficult task to find one who is apt to feel as much for his friend's calamities as for his own. Hence, if we have reason to complain of the want of good faith, as exemplified in the breach of nearly all kinds of contracts between man and man, how much more justly might that of friendship be charged with the number of its perjuries; insomuch that a true friend may well be esteemed, as he unfor-

tunately is, either a sort of nonentity, or so very rare an acquisition as not to be found when most needed, in the hours of misfortune and grief. Nevertheless the character is known to exist; and happy should I conceive myself, were I able to impress upon the minds of my readers the excellence and importance of one of the noblest virtues that can inspire the human breast. And happier they, could they avail themselves of the example I am about to afford them; and become such to each other as the two characters here represented, in every way deserving of their admiration and regard.

At the age of sixteen, Valerio, the native of one of Italy's most distinguished republics, was left an orphan; the heir of very considerable wealth, well educated, and of a cultivated mind and susceptible feelings. His father's death, happening just at this period, was a severe blow to him, inexperienced as he yet was in the manners and practices of the world. Reflecting upon this, and in grief for his recent loss, he determined to retire for some time into the country, until the completion of his education, being desirous of attaining to greater age and experience before he mixed in the conversation and manners of the world. With this intention, he fixed upon a pleasant little villa, very delightfully situated on the skirts of his

own estate; where he contrived, by dint of study, by arranging his affairs, and by a limited intercourse with surrounding families, to pass away his time, leading the sort of life most congenial to his wishes. Happening one day, in the course of his walks, to be engaged in perusing the works of Tully, he turned to his treatise *de Amicitiâ*, and began to study it with attention. As he became more deeply interested, he frequently interrupted his reading with expressions of admiration, and wishes for the possession of such a friend, as he found there described; one who might in some degree supply the loss of his kind and beloved father. Thus meditating, he extended his walk until he reached a beautiful grove, which cast a soft and solemn shade from its tall overspreading boughs, still admitting, in its opening glades, enough of the sun's rays to produce an agreeable warmth below: the green earth was enamelled with flowers, while grateful breezes, wafting through the branches, served to cool the air, and, by gentle undulations of the leaves, produced a thousand variations of light upon the surface of the ground. The most beautiful birds were seen flying from branch to branch, and a sweet chorus rose from among the leaves, of innumerable hidden songsters; while a limpid streamlet pursued its course, adding its murmurs as it fell at a distance among the

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARA

rocks, and in its way refreshing banks of flowers, where it rose in places interrupted in its pebbly bed. Near it appeared a circle of beautiful shrubs in full flower and leaf, surrounding a little vacant space, just sufficient to admit one person in a recumbent posture. Charmed with the delicious spot, Valerio penetrated into its cool recess, and throwing himself idly at his length, he fixed his eyes upon the beautiful skies, listening to the voice of rural harmony that rose around him.

He had not long indulged his reverie, when, hearing a rustling sound near him among the trees, he turned his head, and beheld a youth of noble aspect, but apparently overwhelmed with sorrow, walking with a slow pace, and frequently stopping as if checked by some painful recollection, until he finally seated himself upon the margin of the stream, and rested his head mournfully on his hand. There he long sat, careless of every object around him, and often sighing bitterly, as he exclaimed in a sorrowful tone: "And what will now become of you, hapless Ireno; your dear father torn from your embraces by a violent death! What will become of our family; a sick mother, and a young orphan sister committed wholly to my charge! Young and inexperienced as I am, my time spent in youthful studies and amusements, under

the eye of an indulgent father, I might have risen to occupy a respectable and honourable place in society; but now, alas! my prospects are for ever destroyed. Who is there to advise me in danger, or to console me in adversity? to place a rein upon my passions, and to teach me how to conduct myself in prosperity?"

As he ceased, Valerio felt himself deeply affected, no less by the expression of Ireno's unfeigned sorrow, than by the similarity of circumstances that had led them to seek the same solitudes for relief. Feeling something stronger than mere sympathy, he could not restrain his desire of making himself known to the orphan sufferer, and, starting from his seat, he saluted Ireno with an expression of kindness and courtesy, and then proceeded in the gentlest terms to reason with and console him. Recounting at the same time his own loss, he intimated how rejoiced he should be, in any manner to supply the place of a parent, if he might so soon venture to offer the hand of friendship to one whom he had already learned to esteem. Nor did he omit to recommend his proposal by some of the most beautiful arguments of the Roman orator, whose treatise he held in his hands. Ireno, expressing his grateful sense of his kindness, testified his acceptance of it, by continuing the conversation in the same tone; and added an account of his family,

of some wealth and consideration in a neighbouring village, belonging to the next principality, whither he invited Valerio to accompany him; to which the other, desirous of being introduced to his mother and sister, willingly consented. Their regard for each other, thus auspiciously commenced, was soon rivetted by a variety of circumstances; by similarity of taste and pursuits, and by sympathizing in their common joys and sufferings. In a short time there was nothing that they did not confide to each other; they seemed to participate in one another's most intimate thoughts and feelings, while they did not scruple to reprove their mutual faults. They also vied with each other in acts of piety and benevolence, as well as in all noble accomplishments, so as to afford a model of excellence to their countrymen, whose society they adorned.

One day as Ireno was returned from a visit to his friend, just as he approached the city walls he chanced to fall in with a certain lord of high rank, accompanied by his son, going to the chase. Although he turned aside his horse to give them convenient passage, and respectfully saluted them, the proud patrician, instead of returning his politeness, had the rudeness to call out to him to make more way, taunting him at the same time with his want of spirit, and his

romantic friendship for the young Valerio. Ireno, with modest firmness, replied to this strange charge, smiling a little at the cause of the great man's irritation, which had the effect of further provoking him; for, not content with reviling Ireno, he began to attack the character of Valerio. Further incensed that Ireno presumed to answer him in so easy and unconcerned a style, he attempted to astound him with the number of his titles, the only merit indeed that he could boast; but finding these as ineffectual as his threats, he gave vent to his passion, and attempted to strike the object of his unjust resentment. Ireno, parrying the blow, suddenly gave his horse the spur, which had the effect of making him plunge in such a way as to alarm the brave patrician by his furious kicks; then giving him the rein, he set off at full speed: upon which the nobleman, taking it for the effect of terror, drew his sword, and rode after him in a very bold and heroic style. For some time Ireno succeeded in avoiding his pursuer, until, finding his road intercepted by the river, he was compelled to make head in his own defence. All his efforts to mollify the angry lord proving vain, he in his turn drew his sword, which pierced his enemy, unluckily rushing forward in the heat of his fury, to the heart. He fell dead upon the spot; and there being no

other witness to the deed besides his son, Ireno threw down his sword, and was departing. But the youth, who had only been deterred from attacking him by the dread of his superior prowess, then rode boldly after him, raising the whole country round by his cries, until the unhappy Ireno found himself surrounded by crowds who instantly laid hands upon him, and detained him while they sent for the city officers, who speedily appeared. He was surrendered into the hands of justice, and thrown into one of the gloomiest prisons, while tidings of the extraordinary murder just committed soon reached the ears of his friend Valerio, whose horror and surprise it is impossible to describe. He set off, without losing a moment, for the public prison; and with some difficulty obtaining an interview, he had the delight of finding his friend perfectly tranquil and resigned, and received from his own lips a clear statement of the affair, just as it occurred. Not an instant did he delay in discovering the real circumstances to persons of the greatest weight and respectability in the city. But the superior rank of the deceased, and the influence of his family, together with the want of witnesses in Ireno's favour, were too powerful to be withstood; he was tried and condemned to suffer death.

Reduced to this extremity, Ireno's mind seemed

less disturbed at his approaching fate, than at the grief and tears of his friend, his mother, and his orphan sister. These, with all his private affairs, he recommended to the care of Valerio, who promised to supply the loss of a son and a brother: the prisoner then declared that he should die happy, if permitted once more to revisit his native place, to embrace his mother and sister, and after arranging a few private matters, to return within four days. The adverse party, however, ridiculed the proposal, declaring it a mere subterfuge to facilitate his escape; when Valerio, indignant at such an aspersion, came forward to give his own life in pledge for his friend's honour, saying that he would willingly suffer on the fourth day, in case Iréno did not return.

His offer was at length accepted, and the noon of the fourth day was appointed for the term of his imprisonment; the adverse party hoping to cast double disgrace upon Ireno's name, in the belief that he would not be able within that period to return. Accordingly he set out to see his relatives, and having taken final leave of them and settled his affairs, on the morning of the fourth day he hastened back as fast as possible. But the treacherous relatives of the deceased lord, in contemplation of this event, despatched a troop of hired menials, with orders to arrest him on the road.

Falling in with him accordingly, they commanded him to turn back, which he refused to do, and a fierce struggle took place, in which the brave youth succeeded in opening himself a path through the midst of them. Proceeding wounded and breathless, he with much difficulty reached the city, but not until after the period fixed for the execution had elapsed. Here he had the grief of beholding his best friend already placed upon the scaffold, and the executioner preparing to fulfil his office. "Make way, here is the criminal!" was the cry caught from the lips of Ireno, and echoed by a thousand tongues. The crowd opened, and the next moment he sank down upon the scaffold, exclaiming, "I die happy; I have saved his life!" It then became a contest which should suffer for the other, each appealing to the judges, who experienced no slight difficulty in adjusting their claims. Under all circumstances, they declared it was left wholly to their own choice; when the noble contest became so painful, that the son of the deceased, no longer proof against the sight, confessed the real fact, and did full justice to Ireno's conduct in the affair. The two friends, then, hand in hand, descended from the scaffold, amid the rapturous plaudits of the surrounding multitude.

NOVELLA II.

A rich and noble cavalier, inhabiting one of the chief cities of Italy, having recently lost his wife, who had presented him with an only son, now of mature age, again espoused, at no distant period, a lady of high birth, a quality, however, that constituted the whole of her wedding portion. She was fully sensible of the importance attached to such a circumstance; her favourite theme being the succession of the illustrious and little less than royal blood of her progenitors. To such an extreme did she indulge her notions on this subject, as to surpass all the usual instances of vanity peculiar to the sex; and the countess Eleonora soon became as notorious as she wished, for her proud and punctilious, fastidious, yet fierce, in one word, her intolerable temper. This was woefully manifested in the case of her new step-son and daughter, Valerio, the son of her husband, having recently married with his father's consent; since which period he formed part of his family. But he had soon reason to repent taking up his residence with his father; the reign of discord commencing soon after his step-mother made her appearance.

Feeling it to be quite impossible to tolerate much longer the lady's asperity, more especially as his father had the weakness to abet all her errors, and submit himself entirely to her supreme will and pleasure, he was in the habit of getting out of her way, and spending as much of his time as possible from home; leaving the stage clear to his step-mother's tyranny and intrigues, who thought herself entitled to despise every one inferior in point of birth to herself. During his absence from his father's house, Valerio was unlucky enough to become acquainted with a few characters of a more gay description than the society he had been used to frequent, and was induced by degrees to indulge in somewhat more fashionable amusements. Nor was it long before his new amusements became vices; and among these he soon imbibed a violent passion for play, to which he did not scruple to sacrifice the greatest portion of his time and money, besides neglecting the peace and happiness of a young and lovely wife; who, living under the harsh sway of a stepmother, had little to rely upon besides the affection of her consort, and often wept bitterly, as she found that he daily absented himself for longer periods, and passed the chief part of the night from her side. Her father-in-law afforded her neither re-

lief nor protection, his doting weakness rendering him a still greater slave to the woman whom he feared even more than he loved. In this deplorable situation, every day becoming more serious, did this late happy and noble family continue to smart under the imperious rule of its new mistress: the head of it brought into a state of abject dotage and subjection, his only son compelled to wrangle with her face to face, or to leave the bosom of his family, plunging into courses that must eventually lead to ruin and despair, while his lovely wife lamented his change of conduct with feelings too painful to express.

Precisely at this juncture of affairs, there arrived at the father's house a friend of Valerio, on a visit to him, a young man of noble birth, who had been intimate with the family while residing at Rome. He met with the most gratifying reception both from the old count and his son; and even the haughty Eleonora deigned to smile upon him, in consideration of his recent succession to a marquisate, though scarcely ancient enough to place him upon an equal footing with a family of her antique stock. Occasionally, therefore, she attempted to indulge her sharp and sarcastic humour at his expense, which he very good-naturedly parried or retorted, until she grew insolent, when he only smiled and remained silent. The

young wife of his friend Valerio, on the other hand, treated him with the utmost courtesy, though there was something in her manner that betrayed the anxiety to which she was a prey.

The young marquess was at no loss to penetrate into the real source of her sorrows, after witnessing the assuming airs, and the grievous sway exercised by the lady of the house over her whole establishment. As he had the greatest respect for the rest of the family, whom he had long known, he felt equal disgust and concern at her conduct, and would instantly have left the house had he not feared by any sudden step to hurt their feelings. He had moreover a desire to observe more of Valerio's motions, as well as to study some means, if possible, of mitigating the domestic evils he could not remove: too happy, he thought, could he succeed in restoring some portion of that family harmony and peace which he had beheld in the count's house, on first becoming acquainted with his son Valerio. With such kind and disinterested views, he began to study the exact character and position of the parties; he paid profound respect to the haughty countess, and lavished upon her a due portion of titles; he did justice to the good feelings of her husband: he gazed on the lovely wife of his friend with the tenderest compassion, but

said nothing; while he attempted to occupy as much as possible of her misguided husband's time and attention. One evening, as the good old count was sitting up late reading, expecting the return of his son Valerio, and trying to make up his mind to reprehend him for his late conduct, he observed that his young friend likewise had not retired to rest. Addressing him with much warmth of feeling, he reminded him of the affection that had so long subsisted between their families, more especially between his son and himself, and which he trusted would plead his excuse, in venturing to trouble the young marquess with his family anxieties; but, as he had understood from good authority, that since his arrival he had spent much of his time in company with his poor son, even in places of riot and dissipation, (which it wounded his feelings to believe,) instead of snatching his friend Valerio from the precipice on which he stood, it became impossible for him longer to conceal the serious anxiety which he felt on his son's account, and the grief under which he laboured.

The young marquess listened attentively to the complaints of his old friend, conscious of the purity of his motives, nor was it without much reluctance that he entered upon a defence of his own conduct; being almost as unwilling to confess his noble

and disinterested efforts on that son's behalf, as to admit the charges just advanced against him by the unhappy count. With such modest feelings, he attempted to allay the wretched father's anxiety, by suggesting in the first place that no violent passion, like that which his poor son had conceived for the gaming-table could possibly be destroyed at a single effort, but that, like a wild beast of the woods, it would require much soothing and flattering usage before submitting to the hand of friendship or of power. That, moreover, instead of encouraging him in such a career, he had already undertaken the difficult task of eradicating so fatal a propensity, and that it would be quite necessary for his young friend to be left solely to his direction, without the authority of a father appearing in any of the steps he was about to take. Further, he would presume to insist upon his old friend retiring to rest, and leaving him to await the arrival of Valerio, as he was moreover expecting one of his messengers, whom he had despatched from Rome to Turin, bearing commissions of the highest importance, with the result of a long impending lawsuit. The old count, yielding entire credit to the kind words and looks of the marquess, that sufficiently bespoke the tender interest he took in his son's welfare, affectionately embraced him, expressed his last-

ing gratitude for so much kindness, and entreated his forgiveness at the same time, for having indulged the least suspicion of his fidelity. Yet it was long after the count's departure before Valerio made his appearance, with an air of satisfaction and triumph, which augured nothing good for the success of his friend's attempt. He said he had that evening had a very surprising run of fortune, enough to compensate him for nearly all his late losses, tidings which his friend received with apparent pleasure, observing that he was glad he had not suffered, and that he would himself accompany him the next time he meant to play. This occurred the ensuing night; and apprehensive of losing his influence over him, the young marquess accordingly went. It was at the house of a foreigner whom the marquess himself recommended to his young friend, and who was in fact no other than one of his most confidential servants, who had assumed the character at his master's request. He was the same person who had been despatched by him to Turin, and had just returned with tidings of his master's success in his long contested lawsuit. Possessing, in addition to strict integrity, a very pleasing person and manners, he had all the art of a conjuror in a variety of games, especially at cards, with which he often amused his master and his

friends. On this occasion, he was arrayed in a rich dress, with all the instruments of his art placed around him, and furnished with an immense sum of money, with orders from his master to win as much more from his friend and himself, as he could possibly contrive to do, even until they should cast their future fortunes on the die. His skilful servant instantly understood his cue, and assuming his character, prepared to execute his orders to the minutest point. About evening the two friends issued forth, and proceeding to the house of the disguised foreigner, (who received his master only as a cavalier whom he had casually met,) they instantly, after a few ceremonies, sat down to table, where in a short time the two friends were unlucky enough to lose every thing they had in the world. Valerio then, in a paroxysm of despair, pledged his word for the future inheritance from his father; all which being gone, both the losers leaped up in the utmost despair, and rushed out of the house. The time was now arrived for attempting the long wished-for reform: the rage of Valerio was dreadful; and he proposed the most fatal expedients, bent upon not surviving his utter ruin. With much difficulty the marquess prevailed upon him to return home, contriving that he should pass by the chamber of his lovely but unhappy wife, who was

then heard indulging the profoundest grief. Valerio was cut to the soul; he raved, he tore his hair, and it was long before he became sufficiently composed to listen to the reasonings of his friend, who easily obtained from him a promise, that if he could possibly succeed in recovering his lost property, he would for ever abandon the fatal pursuit. This was the point at which his friend had long wished to arrive. He had at last triumphed over this hateful propensity; and his next object was to restore Valerio to the arms and to the confidence of his young and hapless wife. This also was effected; and terrible was the repentant gamester's remorse, when he beheld the false foreigner approach his house the ensuing morning, imagining that he came to enforce his claims for every thing he had in the world. What was his surprise, then, to perceive him, on entering the room, prostrate himself at the feet of the marquess, disrobe himself of his cavalier's attire, and present him with the whole of the ill-gotten gains he had made the evening before? the scales fell from the eyes of the infatuated Valerio, and from that time forward he was restored to himself, an ornament to society, and the pride of his friends. Yet his feelings were not for a moment to be put into competition with the delightful consciousness that swelled

the bosom of the noble young marquess; a gratification exceeding every other that this world can afford. Nor was the example of so much good sense and benevolence, exercised in correcting the extravagance of ill-regulated passions, lost on the Countess Eleonora, who began, from that time, to check her inordinate pride; and thus, by the intervention of a judicious friend, concord and happiness were re-established in the mansion, to which they had so long been strangers.

Count Lorenzo Magalotti.

COUNT LORENZO MAGALOTTI.

THIS Florentine nobleman, born in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was distinguished for his literary taste, and the extent and variety of his acquirements. A man of the world, a poet, and a passionate admirer of the best and earliest poets of Italy, in addition to his claims as a very pleasing novelist, he is rather remarkable for the polished ease and vivacity, than for the strength and profundity, of his writings. From an account of these, as given by the distinguished prelate Moreni, who still survives to reflect credit upon the classic soil of Tuscany, the antiquities of which he has so ably illustrated, we learn that they are of a very diversified subject and character, being found to comprehend essays upon different branches of natural history, read in the Royal Academy del Cimento, under the especial patronage of Prince Leopold of Tuscany, and published at Florence in the year 1666, besides an Eulogy upon the Cardinal Leopold de' Medici; a Description of the Villa of Lonchio, addressed to the Marquess Strozzi; some terzine stanzas in the style of Dante, upon the death

of Orazio Rucellai; and a Life of the celebrated traveller Francesco Carletti.

From the specimen of the Count's novels, here presented to the English reader, it will easily be perceived, that he claims a high rank among the fictitious writers of the seventeenth century; almost wholly opposed in style and character to those of a preceding era. Evident traces of modern manners and sentiments begin to display the changes that had taken place in society, with its increasing cultivation and refinement.

COUNT LORENZO MAGALOTTI.

NOVELLA I.

UPON the summit of Rua, one of the loftiest of the Euganean hills, situated amidst the solemn scenes of nature, and secluded beneath a canopy of embowering trees, stood the solitary abode of the Penitent Eremites. Its commanding site, overlooking verdant hills and pleasant villas, with noble cities rising in the distance, fully compensated by its variety for the desart loneliness of the spot, the quiet approach to which lay through avenues of lofty pine, inspiring a deep and sacred calm, mingled with an awe well adapted to the scene.

No women are permitted to approach the place, except on an appointed day in the early part of autumn, when they are shewn no farther than the temple; not into the more secluded sanctuaries of the hermits' abode. A solemn festival then ushers in the period; the most beautiful women, splendidly attired and mounted upon spirited palfreys, vie with each other in dress and loveliness, and escorted

by the flower of the nobility, add grace and liveliness to the scene. Never was it more magnificently celebrated than on a certain occasion, when the lady of one of the rectors of Padua, who had recently lost her eldest son, returning from France, in the flower of his age and hopes, attended the ceremony with a noble train of ladies and cavaliers, with whom she ascended the summit of the mount. The splendor of the feast, abounding with all the rarities more suitable to the genius that supplied them, than to the nature of the establishment, was calculated to surprise, and even to dazzle the eye.

The warmth of the day becoming more and more insupportable, the lady of the feast, accompanied by her train, retired into the shady recess formed by some beautiful beeches, surrounding a little eminence, which commanded a lovely and extensive prospect. There the sweet and solitary scene, so favourable to the indulgence of tender and melancholy thoughts, led her to praise a mode of life, so wholly divested of all worldly cares, and preferable in her estimation to the aspiring dignity and love of glory, so much affected by vulgar minds, and she proceeded to contrast the vanity of such earthly considerations, with the milder pleasures and innocent repose of life, such as was there enjoyed. She had hardly concluded, before

one of the cavaliers present, happened to mention that such a choice had really been made and adhered to, by a noble youth of great worldly expectations. To him the solitude and deprivation of a hermitage offered more true delight, than the noblest alliances and most festive courts in the world. Expressing her high admiration of so disinterested and magnanimous a resolution, and curious to hear the variety and changes of fortune that had led to it, the lady entreated the superior of the convent to introduce her to him. In a short time he made his appearance; the nobility of his aspect was clearly apparent through his homely habit, while the traces of youthful fire and beauty still threw a charm over his fine, but pallid features.

The modesty and humility of his demeanour were in unison with the character he had adopted, though not destitute of the courtesy due to a noble lady and her festive train, on an occasion like the present. The lady, possessing singularly noble and pleasing qualities, paying him the respect due to his rank, and commending his resolution, as arising out of the most excellent motives, besought him to favour them with an account of his adventures. The young hermit attributed the merit wholly to the divine power, and expressed great repugnance to repeat the history of his

transgressions, on which his superior sought to remove his scruples, by observing, that whatever had been the errors of his past life, he had fully repaired them by his exemplary sorrow and repentance; and as it would, perhaps, be a great punishment to him, it would tend to his edification to relate his past life, and add to the efficacy of his sufferings. The young man bowed his head to the superior in token of compliance, and with a composed countenance, and a sort of modest assurance, thus began:—"It is a due punishment upon my past levities; the pain of revealing them before this honourable and excellent company, I meet with patience and resignation. Obedience, however, is my duty, and all diffidence must give way, so that I have to entreat of your honourable company, most illustrious lady, to excuse me for my apparent boldness in intruding my private affairs upon your attention.

"My name was Sigismondo Conte d'Arco, the only branch belonging to that house for a long series of years, that possessed many extensive seignories on the confines of Italy and Germany. My father died while I was yet a child; and my mother, on her marrying a second time, caused me to be educated at the court of the Archduchess Dowager of Inspruck, my native sovereign, as one of the pages of honour. My tender age and misfortunes awakened so much com-

passion in the princess, that she seemed to regard me rather as a mother than a mistress, treating me in every particular like her child. She made me a playfellow of the princess Claudia, an only daughter, about the same age as myself, not exceeding seven: we lived on the most familiar terms, and formed an attachment that became more rooted with our increasing years. It would be idle to attempt to disguise from your penetration, madam, that such youthful tenderness and familiarity was likely soon to ripen into confidence—into love. This passion seemed daily to acquire fresh force, in as much as it did not appear disagreeable to the princess who was quite sensible of its existence. To say the truth, as it will fully appear in the sequel, if you will not think me guilty of too great temerity in raising my eyes to my young queen, I began to imagine, and not without reason, that she deigned to bend hers also upon me. We had each just completed our fifteenth year; my sweet companion was gifted with all the brightest qualities and accomplishments, both of mind and person; the fame of her virtues and her beauty not only spreading throughout Germany, but the rest of Europe. Indeed her portraits have since become familiar in every land, and few are there of those present who would require a more particular description of her

charms at my hands. But I have to delineate a few qualities that no pencil can reach; those features of the living mind, bright and beautiful, which at the same moment were enabled to seize their subject, to distinguish, and to deliberate in a manner surprising to the most skilful and accomplished intellects.

"Her demeanour was a mixture of sweet grace and gravity, and this soft majesty she always displayed with so little effort, as to make it appear perfectly natural. Her pleasures were all innocent and delicate; music forming the chief, in which she was most passionately attached to harmonies of a plaintive and pathetic cast. I have often surprised her singing such songs in some sweet retired scene, and shedding tears over feigned woes; borne away by her natural tenderness, and by an irresistible attachment to subjects of this description.

"In truth, it might be said, that her own prophetic genius inspired her with some of those tender lines connected with her own future fortunes, which she sang like the dying bird, that is said to usher in her own doom. Deeper passion, along with a sense of duty, now more and more usurped my breast; my struggles became great; I blamed my own presumption; I tried to recover my self-command, but all in vain. My eyes had too long dwelt upon and

become rivetted to her charms, and one look of hers overpowered my firmest resolutions, insomuch that I found I must either give way to my feelings and madly throw myself at her feet, or seek to avoid her presence. I no longer frequented her company at those seasons when I was able to dispense with my duties at court; while the better to give an air of probability to my absence, I devoted myself with double assiduity to my studies, and to the amusements common to my age. Fencing, riding, and every kind of military exercise, seemed to absorb my whole time, but my thoughts were, in reality, far away. My evenings were spent in music, dancing, and other favourite diversions at the court, while my more serious hours were engaged in the abstruser sciences.

"In this manner weeks passed away without a single interview with my beloved princess; our mutual pursuits of dancing, singing, riding, and reading together, were wholly abandoned. Meeting me one day by chance, returning from the riding-school, heated and breathless with exercise, she began to rally me upon my sudden and surprising application to more martial pursuits, while, in the same tone, I respectfully assured her, that it arose wholly out of a desire to render myself more worthy of her high-

ness's service; and bowing to her with the same ceremony practised by the other courtiers, I left her without waiting for any reply.

"Whilst I was persevering with the utmost pain in this assumed character, it was resolved by the court to adjourn, in order to partake of the pleasures of the country. The place was delightfully situated at a short distance from the city; and the usual duties and occupations of the court giving way to mere amusement, all motive for my prescribed absence and alienation from the young princess ceased. Besides, however much I studied to avoid her, it was not always possible; she surprised me one morning early, in a shady walk leading from the garden to the wood; we met—our eyes met, and with a profound obeisance, I sought to pass on. Commanding me, however, to follow her, she pursued the path leading to the wood, with a composed air and a serene aspect. At length addressing me, she observed, 'Your wisdom and discretion, Count, are above all praise, and merit as much kindness and generosity on my side. It is in vain that you strive to conceal the occasion of your late estrangement, and it would be equally vain for me to affect ignorance of it. Nevertheless, I do not wish to give you pain; you shall find your advantage in it; and that you may

feel assured of this, even listen and receive the tribute due to your merit.' Blushing deeply as she uttered these words, she saw likewise that I observed it, and continued as follows: 'My confusion, Sigismond, proceeds from my inexperience in such affairs; not from any sense of saying or doing aught unworthy my birth and quality. I know not whether it be permitted a princess to countenance a vassal's love, but I do know, that if ever there was one to be pitied in the world, I am that one. Our friendship seemed to have been born with us; I felt as a child a sort of instinctive attachment to you; our young and playful affection grew with us, and it has continued, as is but too apparent, to be cherished on both sides, until it has become a part of ourselves. I am familiar with all your feelings, and understand them better than you understand mine; and in common gratitude, it becomes my duty to confess, that I feel the same partiality towards you, that I am convinced you bear to me. Why then dissimulate with you, or leave you to extort it from me by degrees, when such an admission is mere justice to your virtues, that you may in future feel that noble confidence in them which is calculated to make you happy?

"'Your features are sufficient evidence of your joy. I see it, alas! while I confess with burning blushes,

how much I love you; though as we are equal in our passion, I have no cause for shame in the avowal. Were the sceptre I am fated to inherit in my own power, in your hands only should it be deposited; but I am certain that you place a higher value upon my heart than upon my possessions. Fortune may dispose of the latter; of my heart, never—it is yours! Dispose of it as you will. I am sure you will never abuse your power over it; at all events it is yours!' Ere the lovely princess had half concluded these words, I was at her feet, lost in a delirium of confusion and joy. Not a word could I utter; I kissed the hem of her robes; I felt her tears upon my hands, as she gently sought to raise me from the ground. I seized her offered hand, and covered it with my kisses: 'Dearest lady: most honoured and cherished mistress,' I cried, 'is it possible I can believe my senses? Were this the first proof of your regard, well might I imagine you meant to scoff me for the rash feelings I have indulged; but I have experienced ever since a child, that your compassion, your generosity, have no bounds. May Heaven's richest blessings attend you! you have snatched me from an abyss of terror and despair, at the bare idea of the passion I indulged; and I am now at the summit of all human felicity. Yet would I willingly have aspired higher

than the honour of serving you, even at the risk of all I held dear, of life itself; and therefore it was, that I attempted to shun you. A sceptre, a thousand sceptres, in competition with your love, would have no charms for me; let kings seize your realms; I am satisfied in possessing the nobility and royalty of such a soul as yours. Ah! would that as our love, our birth were equal; for I esteem not the wealth or dignity of worlds, equal to the least testimony of your favour. I should be the meanest and vilest of wretches, to regard aught beyond the beauties of soul and form, that have subdued me so long.'

"I was proceeding, in the tumult of my feelings, to express my gratitude and delight, when a group of ladies and cavaliers appeared in sight, and I followed the princess as she turned to meet the party, with a free and even lively and playful air. During the few days that the court sojourned in the country, wholly devoted to the feast, the chase, and similar rural diversions, it became my delightful task to resume my former station, being almost in constant attendance upon the princess. No longer on the list of pages, I had entered upon the more honourable rank of cavalier, while my early intimacy and education with the princess, and the respect which she uniformly testified for me in public, acquired for me

no little distinction at court. And as the chief object of her serene highness the archduchess, who held paramount sway, was to amuse the mind of the princess, naturally inclined to melancholy, she ordained a solemn festival, to grace the close of their residence, after the pleasures of a magnificent chase. The young princesses, along with the ladies of the court, appeared arrayed in the character of Amazons, with high waving plumes on their heads, and upon richly caparisoned palfreys. The princess Claudia Felice, was seen mounted upon a swift courser, of a jet black, and adorned with a tuft of feathers, while its fair rider shone bright to the eye in a loosely folded dress, elegantly suited to the occasion. When she entered into the wood, she drew nearer to me, as I rode along at her side, and took occasion, without observation, to inform me of her great desire to obtain some signal triumph over the ferocious prey. I then approached still closer to her, separating from the rest of the party, and penetrating still deeper into the recesses of the wood, which the wild beasts were supposed to haunt in greater numbers. There, without deigning to pursue either stags or hares, or any animals of a less ferocious cast, the hunters prepared to attack a huge wild boar, which came rushing towards us, pursued by some of the dogs. De-

sirous of yielding to the princess the honour of despatching him, I stepped aside to leave him open to her attack, when she had the good fortune to wound him mortally with her hunting spear in the head. In a transport of rage, the beast still sprung forward in the same direction, urged on all sides by the dogs, and notwithstanding two pistol-shots, rushing upon her horse that stood in its way, the princess, by the disorder into which she was thrown, ran the greatest risk of her life. Some of the hunters now eagerly hastened to her assistance, but they were on foot, and before they could arrive, I had sprung from my horse between the princess and the enraged animal, and assaulted it furiously with my sword. Having passed the weapon through its body, I laid it dead at her feet, while, with the utmost presence of mind, not half so much terrified at her own danger as I had been, she said: 'I find it is a great advantage to place myself under your protection; you seem to know how to defend what belongs to you.'—'And what coward would not, when he had to combat in so sweet and glorious a cause?' But the hunters coming up, prevented farther conversation; they raised the enormous animal with difficulty, in order to bear it in triumph before the princess, to meet the rest of the party. Already informed of the accident, the arch-

duchess was hastening, full of alarm, in the same direction. Shocked at beholding its immense size, on its first appearance, her terror was the next moment changed into an exclamation of triumph, when she beheld the beloved princess unhurt accompanied by me: she received us with the warmest gratulations, bestowing upon me praises and rewards too flattering to recount. The chase then continued with double vigour and animation; the quarry was more than equal to our hopes; and, with the evening festivities, concluded our rural sojourn.

"On the removal of the court to the city, I again returned to my usual avocations, though without resigning the delightful privilege I enjoyed of continual access to the company of my princess; and the oftener, as I found she dwelt upon my weakness with an eye of tenderness and pity, not of reproach. She still continued to give me open and honourable proofs of her regard, and even to entrust me with her most secret and important views; more especially in respect to a proposed union with the duke of York, the king of England's brother, since united to the princess of Modena. Nor did she merely make me her counsellor upon the occasion; she candidly expressed her aversion to the match, and her satisfaction at its rejection.

"About this period, died the empress Margerita-Teresa, of Austria, consort of the emperor Leopold, without issue: consequently, that great monarch soon directed his views towards another union, and the eyes of the whole world were eagerly fixed upon his future choice. At this time the affair of the duke of York had already proceeded so far, that the princess would have been compelled to yield a reluctant consent, had not a still more unfortunate proposal intervened. During the whole progress my attention was on the alert, no less from the impassioned interest I felt on my own account, than on that of my princess, whose grief was but too apparent at the idea of being transported into foreign parts; more especially into a country like Britain, where the unruly genius of the people threatened equally the sceptres and the lives of its princes. It was my firm resolution to follow in her train wherever she went, preferring continual servitude in such a cause, to all the ease, honours, and emoluments in the world. I valued not the risks and inconveniences I should have to encounter from a nation so inimical to our religion and to good government as the English.*

* Allowance must here be made for the situation and character of the writer, a good catholic, the subject of a despotic government, and imbued with all the prejudices of his times.—*Tr.*

" While, in this trying and perilous conjuncture, I was awaiting day by day tidings of the conclusion of the nuptials, now near at hand, to judge from the frequent departure of messengers on both sides; what was my secret triumph, when the young princess, one day bursting in upon her attendants, after an audience with the archduchess, selected me from the number, and bade me follow her into the adjoining gallery. There, leaning upon a balcony overhanging the gardens, she thus addressed me, after a few moments' pause: 'I know not, Count, how you will receive the information I have to communicate, and I am almost doubtful whether I ought to unfold it to you. But as you must still continue to enjoy the privilege of hearing from my own lips whatever concerns my nearest interests, have the goodness to peruse this document, containing the ratification of my marriage with the emperor Leopold.'

" Having cast my eye over the fatal letters, and even kissed them in token of submission, I threw myself at the princess's feet, and bowing my head more in sorrow than in submission, I broke out into the following words: 'I cannot express, most illustrious princess—soon, soon, my empress and my queen—the feelings that agitate my bosom. Must I say, how much rejoiced I feel at the prospect of

your glorious rank, so advantageous to all Germany, and to the interests and aggrandizement of the empire? Truly honoured do I feel; nor can any words express my gratitude for your condescension in permitting me to hear these tidings from your own lips. It is a distinction'—'Oh no, no distinction,' interrupted the princess; for, as heaven is my witness, noble Sigismond, there is nothing in all these magnificent prospects that affords me half so much pleasure as the idea of being enabled to confer upon you far greater distinction than before. Imagine not that this accession of state will ever change my feelings; the empress of the Romans will find nothing to blame in the princess of Inspruck; and therefore it is, that I here renew the gift which she formerly gave you. Nor in this do I in the least trench upon the fealty I owe the emperor, as my liege lord and master; inasmuch as the sentiment I am bound to preserve towards him is wholly opposite in its nature to the one I mean ever to retain for you throughout a life of innocence, namely, the tenderest friendship. Yes, I am not afraid to repeat it, Count d'Arco, my love for you appears to have been made in heaven: it is the force of destiny, and the confession of it is due to your superior merit. I have not hitherto asked the least reward for the partiality I en-

tertain towards you: it is now I have to beg a boon of you. It is, that you will consent to share my good fortune with me, nay, to change your country, and absent yourself from me as little as possible. Do this cheerfully, and count upon my gratitude, in proportion as I meet with obedience to these commands. But I must not confer with you longer now; I well know all you would wish to tell me, and if you can understand my feelings as well without giving them a tongue, even what I have already said were needless.' Tears started into her eyes at these last words, but she soon repressed them, and without leaving me time to reply, she hastened out of the gallery to rejoin her party.

"Tidings of these illustrious nuptials getting abroad, the city became one scene of festivity, the respective nations resuming all the hilarity and hopes that had recently been clouded by the death of some of their princes, which threatened a loss of successors in several of the most powerful houses of Germany. A sort of general carnival was proclaimed, and the court, as if to set the most joyous example, ordained, in its liberality, to hold a tourney. It was perhaps, one of the most sumptuous and magnificent spectacles ever witnessed, the various rencounters taking place only between nobles and ca-

valiers of the most approved courage and illustrious birth. It being usual in Germany to carry the device and the colour of the lady whom the cavalier serves, conferred with her own hand, it was thus ordered on this glorious occasion, as each knight stepped into the field. It happened that one evening, soon after the conclusion of the nuptials, I was in the public audience chamber, then daily held, when some young triflers began to banter me, inquiring whether I had yet received my favourite colour from my mistress. I know not whether they imagined, as was pretty generally credited, that I had never acquired the affection of any lady of the court, or whether they alluded still more maliciously to the partiality of the empress, as she seemed to suspect—it is certain she looked much displeased, and the more so as the discourse terminated in a burst of laughter. Turning towards me, she said, in the sweetest tone, 'It is scarcely fair, Count, that while I am present, your modesty should be put to the blush; you must enter the field as my cavalier; here is your device,' untying a green ribbon from her fine arm, which she extended towards me, almost overwhelmed with surprise and joy. Envy and malice became instantly mute, a becoming reverence was felt, and more than one, conversing afterwards upon the beauty and delicacy of the action, declared that they should have valued such a favour

beyond the worth of a seignory. The day appointed for the tournament being arrived, as I was standing at the entrance of my apartment arranging the order of my choicest dresses, intending to appear in some of my richest attire, the equerry of the empress appeared with a present of two noble steeds, which her majesty entreated I would accept, as her cavalier upon the approaching occasion. One of these was of Neapolitan breed, a charger of middling height, but full of fire and spirit. It was jet black, richly caparisoned, shining in cloth of silver and gold; and the other was a Spanish jennet, of mixed colour, small in its limbs, beautifully caparisoned, and swift as a bird upon the course.

"Exactly at the appointed time I entered among the first into the field, bearing in my plumes and ribbons the colours of the empress, who, to complete the honour conferred upon me, appeared arrayed in the same, seated upon a sort of throne in the lodge, surrounded by thousands of spectators. The archduchess dowager was there, rejoicing in the new fortunes of her daughter, with a train of the noblest ladies in the land, who had attended from the most distant provinces to do honour to the occasion.

"Just before I entered the lists I mounted another charger, bestowed likewise by the empress, and rode into the ring. The champion who appeared there

was of great strength, valour, and experience, and had already maintained the field against numbers of the boldest challengers. It was now my turn to break a spear with him, and the moment the heralds gave signal to start into action, I turned my eyes towards the court-lodge, and met those of the empress fixed intently upon me, I felt as if suddenly inspired with more than mortal strength and ardour, and such was the force and fury of my charge, that I not only carried the first, but two following lances; in short, I bore away the honour of the day.

"Must I confess all my vanity? such was my secret triumph, that I would not have exchanged it at that moment for the richest diadem. Not that I was ambitious of vulgar applause, but that day I bore the ensign of my empress, and proved myself not unworthy of the high distinction she had conferred upon me. Riding up to the royal lodge, I dismounted at the feet of the two princesses, by whom I was received with expressions of applause. They presented me with a rich sword, adorned with jewels, the prize of the victor of the field; while the empress herself, in the excess of her generous spirit, drew a fine diamond ring from her finger, and presented it to me with compliments of pleasure and congratulation at my triumph.

"But the consummation of my wretchedness was now at hand; the empress was preparing to join her august consort, attended by her mother, with the flower of all her nobility, at Gratz. I made one of her train, no less by command than from an unhappy inclination. Nor among the crowds of distinguished nobles, who surrounded her, did I seem to lose the least portion of my influence; she was even more kind and considerate than before, often declaring, that since she was become the spouse of Cæsar, she should be justified in treating her friends with far greater kindness and consideration than she had formerly done: nor was this all, she obtained for me the favour of her imperial consort, which he frequently displayed before all the court. This was no sooner apparent, than I began to receive the obeisance and respects of my equals and superiors; all parties courted my attention, and I might well have indulged a little vanity. But I know not how it was: what to others would have been a source of the richest pleasure, in me gave rise only to feelings of sorrow and regret. I would gladly have exchanged all the power and splendour of Vienna for some quiet refuge in the desert, some secluded abode, such as heaven has here at length assigned me. So far from entertaining an ambition to extend the sphere of my

fame and influence beyond the rank which I enjoyed, I in vain attempted to interest myself in the intrigues and affairs of state; I could not enter into the usual pleasures of the court; my eyes still wandered, and rested only on the fine features of the empress, absorbed in the contemplation of the mingled majesty, the grace, and the thousand surpassing charms that I found there, and only there. For my passion never betrayed itself beyond my eyes; but to these, when unobserved, I gave free and ample scope, and they told her eloquently all my hopeless anguish, all my love. And they dwelt upon her unreproved; they partook of no other delight; all else appeared vile and worthless to me; too happy could I have continued to enjoy the mournful pleasure it afforded me! Dearly did I pay its price, for my passion was feeding upon my life. I lost all relish for company and conversation, of which she did not form a part, and my health and slumbers became the sacrifice. My pallid looks bore evidence of the struggles within; I attracted the eyes of the whole court, and in a short time I fell sick.

"A slow fever preyed upon my vitals, and the physicians half despaired of my life. It was then I first became sensible how deeply my passion was returned. Whatever the power and influence of a

queen could effect in procuring the best attendance and advice; whatever the tenderness, compassion, and fears of the fondest mother or sister could display, were all lavished upon me at that period. The disease, however, had gained too great force, so that daily becoming weaker, I was soon reduced to extremity; my life was hourly despaired of, though I still retained all my faculties as clear and lively as before, and was perfectly resigned to my approaching fate. My sole regret was a dread of not again beholding the object of all my hopes and fears, and my weeping eyes were now continually fixed upon her portrait: while thus engaged, taking, as I truly believed, a fervent and final leave of the features of the only beloved object upon earth, I heard a sudden disturbance in the ante-chamber, and in a few moments after, the name of the empress was announced. It is quite impossible to convey an idea of the emotions which at that moment swelled my breast; so violent and yet so delightful was the shock, that I was just on the point of expiring, when the voice of the empress seemed to recal me into renewed existence. Approaching close to my side, she exclaimed in a tremulous and impassioned voice, on beholding the condition to which I was reduced: 'Alas, my fond and faithful servant!' and then in a

lower tone, she continued, " Ah, count, and can you leave me thus? I beseech you to pity me, and live for me; from my hand receive the renewed health and strength, which your physicians have attempted in vain to bestow. Rouse yourself, receive what I have here brought you, take it, and doubt not of the result.' and she administered the medicine with her own hands. She had even dropped it into a gold cup, without permitting my nurse to assist her, and I drank the whole off at her command. Whether it were the delight of again beholding her, or the virtue of what she administered, it is certain that I soon felt greatly restored, so much so, indeed, that shedding tears of gratitude, I assured her in another interview, that I had drunk life from her hands. Though she said little in return, the serenest joy was depicted on her countenance; she inquired into farther particulars relating to my illness. and the nurse and attendants having withdrawn, out of respect, to a distance, she proceeded to speak more confidentially than she had ever before done: 'Too well, Count, am I aware of the melancholy origin of your sufferings, but do not yield, try to rise above them, and live for the sake of my love.' These words she uttered in so sweet, confiding, and earnest a tone, that I could not for a moment doubt her, and then

yielding me her hand, which I pressed ardently to my lips, she left the precious cordial in the gold vase to my care, and took her leave. What with the restorative nature of the elixir, and the joy which her presence had inspired, I felt as if created anew, my fever abated, and I was declared out of all danger. On my perfect recovery, however, I no longer appeared at court, and in public as before, but secluded myself from state affairs as much as I was permitted. Secret affliction still preyed upon my mind, mournful and appalling images rose in my path, and vainly did I attempt to banish them from my eyes. A deep presentiment of future calamity weighed down my spirit, which future events more than verified. I loved the empress to distraction, I could no longer conceal it either from myself or from her; and though I offered up unceasing prayers to heaven that I might be enabled to restrain my passion within the due bounds of duty and respect, a thousand schemes for its full indulgence would usurp, in spite of me, the possession of my imagination. With the most gigantic struggles, however, I succeeded in subduing it, more for her sake than my own; feeling my complete power and ascendancy, I scorned rather than feared to use them. For what, indeed, was life to me, placed in competition with such hopes? Besides, I

took more pride in her grandeur and elevation, than if they had been my own. Yet a deep-seated inquietude had for ever destroyed my bosom's peace: she was great, she tried to make me happy, but I, I was the most wretched being upon the face of the earth. Ah! far unhappier, had the veil been then withdrawn from my future destiny, and I could have beheld it in all its naked horrors.

"Thus wearing out my joyless and weary days, it was not long before the empress became aware of the real state of my feelings. She had restored me to fresh life and vigour; and it seemed only to have added poignancy to my sufferings. Unable to support the sight, she one day called me to attend her, as she was walking in the royal gardens. Alluding at once to the unhappy state of my mind, she said that she often wept bitterly over the misfortunes of the companion and friend of her infancy. She could bear it no longer; she gently upbraided me for such a sacrifice of my time and talents; wasting the golden days of youth and manhood, in hopeless sorrow; a wilful, passionate grief for what never could be obtained. 'Oh, my dear Count d'Arco,' she continued, as the tears came into her eyes, 'if it be any consolation to know you are not the only sufferer, (for I cannot see you die,) you may indeed be consoled; I

will repeat to you all I formerly promised to you. It is your late conduct that compels me to it; for it would seem that necessity, and impossibility of success, are no restraint, as in all other cases, upon the excess of your passionate sorrow. Surely I need not remind you, circumstanced as we are, of all that prudence and propriety require from us. What is it you intend, Count? to live and die thus wilfully unhappy? No, Heaven forbid! I would have your love for me produce far nobler fruits; and as you have always most truly and loyally served me, it would be strange, indeed, were you now to become the author of all my calamity. You are the sole staff and stay of your house, and you ought to think of establishing it in the land. How many in Germany would feel proud of your alliance! cast your eyes around, and let me know your choice;' and then she added, in a stifled and trembling voice, 'the emperor and myself will vie with each other in lavishing our regard upon her!' Here she ceased, as if recovering from a strong effort, while I stood fixed to the earth like a statue, unable to utter any reply. At length raising my eyes to hers, and heaving a deep sigh, I replied, 'Were it in my power, most illustrious lady, to appear as cheerful, as I know the limits of my duty in regard to your imperial highness, you would behold me a

happy as I am now hopeless and miserable. What I have most to regret, is the number of your benefits thrown away upon one, who, however grateful, is incapable of taking advantage of them. But as it is the lot of humanity, more or less, to suffer; so it has been my unhappy fate to behold all the most desirable blessings, except the only one I valued, within my grasp; ambition, wealth, and influence, became in my eyes worse than nothing—emptiness, ashes, dust! Bitter as it is, I must yield to my destiny; yet I would not willingly say any thing to afflict you, my earliest companion, playfellow, and friend; alas! my empress and queen, dreadful consummation of all my woes, forgive me; I am so very unhappy, far too unhappy to avail myself of your generous proposal. For I had rather suffer increased anguish for my loss, than ever consent to receive consolation in the manner you wish me. Not that I feel less deeply the kind and noble motives that have induced your imperial highness to promote my welfare, by every means in your power, more especially in this last instance, while, at the same time, I beseech you thus, upon my knees, to permit me to decline it!' 'What, then,' exclaimed the empress in a disturbed accent, 'you will not allow me to make you happy in my own way!' 'Yes, most honoured and adored lady,' I

returned hastily, 'provided Heaven would listen to my vows.' 'And what may they be?' she rejoined, 'quick, tell me what they are.' 'That I may be speedily restored to the state in which I was, before your majesty saw me; that I may die; being unable much longer to sustain the passion that assails me; that haunts me with the power of a demon, both by day and night, compelling me to break through the bounds of respect and reverence due to you as my empress;' and bursting into a fresh flood of tears, I clasped her hands to my lips, as I again fell at her feet.

"'Oh Heavens, Sigismond! what is it you have said?' she exclaimed in as angry a tone as she could command; 'is this the promise you gave me? you vowed that you would never leave me, and now we shall be compelled to part for ever. What have I done to offend you, that you should treat me thus? Have I ever broken the promise I gave you? Ah, ungrateful Sigismond, you are dissatisfied with the gift of this poor heart; of a love so different from your own. Should not this be sufficient to banish such a degree of hopeless sorrow from your breast? Reflect a moment upon my rank; think how much I have confessed to you, and continue miserable if you can. Hitherto I have shewn the utmost confidence, expecting in re-

turn proofs of your fidelity and friendship. Your life is dear to me as my own; your affliction deprives me of repose; and if you truly love me, you will endeavour to surmount this idle grief, before you give occasion to the world to treat our names with a degree of freedom fatal to our reputation, our honour, and perhaps our lives.' Then giving me her hand, not without the deepest emotion on both sides, I pressed it to my lips, and the next moment I found myself alone.

"From that period, though I did not wholly banish my former sorrow, I contrived to dissimulate it better: and on more mature consideration, I felt that the empress had very good reasons for accusing me of ingratitude and indiscretion. Bent upon repressing, as far as possible, the excess of my passion, I resumed my former plan of riding, hunting, engaging in the lists, and entering into all parties, affecting an air of serenity and pleasure that I was far from feeling. I was soon rewarded with the smiles of the empress, and the notice of her august consort, both of whom lavished upon me fresh marks of consideration.

"I persevered in this course for a length of time, and soon began to experience its good effects; long habit, gradually producing a change in my feelings,

led me to dwell less upon myself, and finally, upon the origin of all my woes. I became more tranquil, began to feel an interest in the affairs of life, and attended much less frequently in the suite and at the parties of the empress. Just as I began to flatter myself that there was yet something to live for in the world, I heard of the sudden indisposition of her I had so long loved. At first it excited in the physicians no kind of alarm, but it soon became more serious in its progress. The fever increased, while the languid looks and the extreme exhaustion of the patient, after it had been subdued, gave rise to doubts, and doubts to fears. My former passion now revived with redoubled force; all her kindness and excellence rose fresh to my recollection, and I was truly to be pitied. Finding herself rapidly growing worse, the empress expressed a wish to have her favourite physician Gianforte, sent for from Padua, his reputation having spread throughout all Germany. No one's anxiety equalled mine to hear of his arrival. I set out to hasten his approach, and never was an oracle listened to with half the awe I felt, when he first opened his lips. After hearing the opinion of her other physicians, who seemed to consider her illness more of a chronic, than of an acute kind, he begged to be permitted to see her

without loss of time. Upon his return he declared, that so far from there being no immediate danger, as he had been led to expect, he did not think it probable that she could survive many days. Alas! who could pretend to depict the terrific shock, the horror that thrilled through my veins, when I heard such a prognostic uttered by so celebrated a physician, and in so calm a tone. A sudden feeling of desolation overwhelmed my spirit; but I am sure you will excuse me; you will permit me to pass more rapidly over this portion of my story. Enough that the unhappy presage was fulfilled exactly at the period predicted. In her very last moments her thoughts were still with me, and she repeatedly expressed her wish that I might continue in the emperor's favour, and enjoy the same honourable privileges that I had before done. During her illness I had frequent access to her, having ever been one of her most faithful officers, with the full approbation of the emperor. Often would she raise her languid eyes to mine, with an eloquent appeal I alone could understand; often murmur some unfinished words, as if aware of her approaching doom. One day feeling herself worse, she sent for me to her bed-side, in the presence of the emperor, and welcoming me with a serene and almost happy air the moment she saw me, she said,

'I wished, my kind Sigismond, to see you once more before I die, in the hope of finding mercy and forgiveness.' I burst into a flood of tears on hearing these words, tears which not even the presence of the emperor could restrain. 'Does it displease you,' she continued, 'that I am going to join the blessed spirits of the faithful and the good, in the mansions of eternal love? There I may surely be permitted to pray that you may be better rewarded for your long and faithful services, than my shorter sojourn here would permit. I have already recommended all my faithful servants to the emperor, among whom, on every account, he well knows that you occupy the first place.'

"Addressing herself next to her royal consort, she thus continued: 'Did I imagine, my dear lord, that it would prove any alleviation of your regret at my not having presented you with an offspring, to give you one well worthy of your adoption, I would point out Count d'Arco as best entitled to your entire confidence and regard; for he never betrayed his trust, nor ever committed a wrong, I feel well assured.' She then added other wishes, which were lost in my bitter sobs and cries: I was at length obliged to be conveyed almost by force out of the apartment, and laid upon my own couch. Not a moment's rest did

I enjoy for a period of many days; so that, upon hearing of the fatal tidings, I was already in a high fever, which did not however prevent me from rising to behold, for the last time, her beloved remains. Alas! too surely did I find her laid out in state, surrounded by her weeping domestics and friends. What were the mingled emotions of my bosom, as I approached that spot! When the funeral torches burst suddenly upon my view; when I recollected each familiar place where we had played together as children, grown up together, as it were, in the bands of youthful innocence, joy, and ripening love, along with all her numerous kindnesses and endearments, I felt struck to the very soul. Still with a kind of reckless wretchedness, I advanced closer to the bier, and gazed wildly and wistfully upon those lovely yet majestic features, until the spectators began to think me either seized suddenly with indisposition, or quite insane. I wept not, I uttered not a word, but I could not remove my eyes from that pale, and gentle, and sweetly majestic face: alas, even in death too lovely and beautiful!

"Upon recovering out of the strange trance in which I had been so long absorbed, I thrice attempted to run my sword through my body, until I was secured and borne away from the distressing scene. Yet such

...RAJA SERFOGI'S ...

was the degree to which the empress had been beloved by her servants, that even this excited no unusual suspicions; and when I became somewhat calmer, I seemed to hear a voice that whispered comfort to me, and peace and joy from another sphere. 'True, too true,' I exclaimed, as if in answer to the celestial sounds, 'for what is the end of all the love, the grace, the beauty, and the glory of earthly things? Place our faith, as we will, upon the world, and the votaries of the world, what shall we finally reap from its rank soil, but ashes, dust, and tears? My beloved, my soul's mistress and sovereign, is gone; and shall I live again to all the follies and vanities of earth, deprived of the light and beauty, the very guiding star of my destiny, and without which I shall be driven upon life's troubled ocean, at the mercy of darkness, winds, and floods? Forbid it, heaven! I would rather, far rather follow thee, O blessed spirit, safely into port, where thou hast taken up thine everlasting rest. But I fear me, I have not strength of wing to raise me to that heavenly height, or merit the assisting influence of thy glory. Yet deign, exalted spirit, to receive the only sacrifice I can make thee—of myself: so may we thus be restored to each other's love in blissful paradise!'

"From that period, gentle lady, I never left my

apartment until the last obsequies were performed, and even the public mourning at an end. My sufferings both of mind and body were extreme; and when I at length recovered, my first visit was to the emperor. He received me very graciously, doubtless expecting that I had attended for the purpose of aspiring to the enjoyment of some of the fruits of the late empress's kind and earnest recommendations. He seemed a little surprised then, when I candidly informed him that the circumstance of his royal consort's decease had so strongly reminded me of the vanity of all earthly pursuits, that with his imperial majesty's permission, I felt a decided inclination to retire from the tumult and business of court: moreover, that I so far confided in his royal clemency and compassion, as to hope he would not refuse me his royal leave to take shelter in the secluded hermitage of the Penitent Friars. The emperor regarded me very earnestly some time before he replied: whether he imagined that I was chagrined at losing the support of the empress in the midst of my courtly career, or that he no longer wished to oppose my inclination, even if suspicious of the real cause or not; certain it is, that he kindly accorded me the space of a year, to consider further of the trial; so that, if at the close of that period I still persisted in my wish for

seclusion, I might pursue my own pleasure. That year he wished me to spend in my travels, as the most likely method of removing my grief, and I consented to the royal wishes. After arranging my domestic affairs, I visited Italy, for the most part from a desire of paying my vows at several celebrated shrines, and beholding the territories of the Holy Church.

"Besides my own fortune, I had received handsome presents from the late empress, the most precious of which I carefully preserved. A few of these I deposited, not without many tears, at the shrine of our Lady of Loretto, adorning the sacred image of the Virgin with gifts, of which I esteemed every inferior object unworthy. The rest of my resources I distributed in pious alms, in sacrificial offerings, and other holy uses, besides daily occupying myself in some works of charity, which I judged to be the sweetest incense I could offer up to the soul of my beloved, my infant companion, my early friend and benefactress, my sovereign, now no more. In heaven only, where all hearts are known, may she yet be mine!"

Carlo Lodoli.

CARLO LODOLI.

NOVELLA II.

A CERTAIN Sanmarinista, professor of law, and a doctor by birth, a privilege that was enjoyed by the Malvasia family of old, was one day leisurely journeying from his native city, in order to try a cause in the criminal court. As he approached to pass the river at low water point, it chanced that he encountered two persons who appeared to be engaged in a warm controversy.

Upon inquiring into its merits, he found that one Tizio had borne his companion, Sempronio, over the water, on his shoulders; the condition being that the bearer was to be carried back upon their return, which the other refused to do. The cause of strife being thus explained, the doctor gave his opinion, and, referring to the parity of robustness between the parties, and to the terms of the previous promise, decreed, with the addition of much persuasive oratory, that "he who had borne his friend, should in turn by his friend be carried." Imagine his vexation, then,

to find his eloquence thrown away. The obstinate Sempronio, who held the best side of the staff, having got his passage, refused to listen to reason. Finding all the most simple and demonstrative arguments of no avail, he resolved to try the magical force of a few hard words, and cried out in a voice of thunder, "O perjured villain! wilt thou wait till the great Hugo Grotius pulls off thy shoes; till the Lord Baron Puffendorff sets thy friend upon thy shoulders, and the Duke of Cumberland gives thee a royal kick behind, to push thee into the water!" At these solemn and appalling names, the wretch was no longer proof against the doctor's appeal, but mounting Tizio upon his shoulders, proceeded to ford the river as fast as he could, leaving our lawyer to prosecute his journey, with much complacency, at leisure. In the course of time, having despatched his cause, and returning by the same route, upon arriving at the ford, he found that his ass expressed some degree of reluctance to pass, belonging, apparently, to that race of intelligent animals of old, who were occasionally apt to hold colloquies with their masters. Availing himself of the same privilege, he stopped. "What is the matter?" said the doctor, "dost thou wish to drink? drink thy fill!" "I want no drink," replied the beast. "Then," said the doctor, with great compo-

sure, "Get thee along!" though, in fact, he was not a little perplexed and astonished, on receiving an answer, so many men being accustomed to address the animals they ride, without expecting one. "But," continued his ass, "how can you expect such a thing? you, who just now decided, that he who carried the other over here, ought to be carried back. Do you think I did not hear you? and do you think I have not a word to say in my turn upon the subject? So, dismount, my good master; get off my back, for I will go no further; and, for once in your life, after so many years' service, condescend to carry me across."

It was now that the doctor began to feel really surprised, as well as displeased, at the turn affairs seemed to have taken; for having laughed until he became serious, the water growing deeper, he was in haste to proceed. So he began to bastinado the too reasonable beast, and words and blows growing warmer and warmer, it soon became one of the best argued cases that ever took place between a doctor and an ass. It was in vain the former pointed out the difference between them; the other replied, that among his ancestors of the ancient breed of asses, there had been many doctors, perhaps, far more famous than he; and added other things equally sar-

castic and offensive. During this altercation, as the evening was coming on, and the doctor began to feel a little uncomfortable at being left alone on the road, it was quite requisite he should come to some decision. So looking round, to be sure that no one saw him, he got off as he was ordered; and, shivering at the very idea, he began to undress himself, and stepped with horror into the water, crying, in an indignant tone, "Come, thou foul and wilful beast, give me thy fore feet up here, and be sure you do not lay more weight on me than you can help!" "Trust me," said the ass, as he raised his fore quarters; but being more lengthy than his master, he could not manage in this way with his hinder legs. The doctor next tried to carry him crossways, so that his ribs should not graze his body, but he found this was quite as bad; and he thirdly bound him fast by the legs, and threw him across his shoulders, and this was worst of all. Finally, by one expedient or other, he contrived to get three or four paces into the water, when both fell down together, and had very nearly been drowned.

And too true a saying it is: "As long as the man sits upon the ass, all goes well;" whereas, should the ass get the upper hand, it is bad for the beast, and worse for his master. Hence we may easily under-

stand, and apply the joke, which the ass wished to pass upon the doctor; for if the fool of the family take the lead, his dependant brethren will be sure to smart for it; while the arrogant usurper will only involve himself in embarrassments, and be exposed to general ridicule.

NOVELLA IV.

Whether Democritus of old had good reasons for laughing so heartily at every thing he saw, has not yet been decided, by common consent, among our philosophers; nor will it, perhaps, ever be settled. Whether right or wrong in his ideas on the subject, it is certain that, if the happiness of this life really consist in being upon good terms with ourselves, he must, inasmuch as laughter is a mark of self-complacency, have been one of the happiest men alive. Judging, however, from a passage contained in an ancient writer, recently discovered among the manuscripts of the Cardinal Bessarione, we are authorised in believing, that he had not invariably the laugh on his side, as was shewn in the instance of a certain sophist, who ventured to treat the philosopher as he treated other fools. We are, moreover, informed that one of his best scholars, being heartily ashamed of seeing his master guilty of such a folly, bethought himself of hitting upon some expedient to bring him to conduct himself like other people, and yet without offending him.

An occasion soon offered; when his master gave him directions to take the measurement of one of his

wells, (for he was a great water-drinker), this apt scholar availed himself of the opportunity to instruct his pedagogue, by speaking out openly to him, like an honest man. "Here it is, master; I have brought you the exact measurement, that is, from the top to the bottom, (as I could not manage it the other way,) with a stone fastened to the end of this rope; but what distance it may be from the bottom to the top, that, for want of ladders, I cannot find out." "Ha, ha, ha!" cried the laughing philosopher, "good, very good! Why, jolterhead, is it not the very same as you have here got? From top to bottom; from bottom to top; tell me, where is the difference, I pray? Oh, oh, I ought to thank you for the joke; surely I never laughed so much before!" The wily disciple stopped until his master had almost laughed himself out of breath, when with the singular modesty becoming a pupil, he thus replied, "Yes, so, of a truth, it would appear to us at first view; I should have thought as much myself, had you not yourself led me to doubt the evidence of my senses. For when I remarked in all your behaviour the bitter spite you bore against the sophist Theagenes, whenever he laughed at you, I felt inclined to inquire, is there not exactly the same degree of distance between *you* and *him*, as between *him* and *you*? Why, therefore, do you pre-

tend to laugh with impunity at him and his compeers, when you are not willing that he should do the same by you?"

Democritus had hardly begun to apply his head to the solution of this somewhat novel, far fetched, and knotty point, (advanced, however, with singular modesty and diffidence,) when, aware how much reason there was in his pupil's question, he conceived it the wisest way not to attempt an answer. Turning towards him and embracing him, he said, "I thank you, my dear pupil, from the bottom of my heart, and let Theagenes in future laugh at me as much as he pleases; it will not disturb me a jot; for he has exactly the same right to laugh at me, as I have to laugh at him."

Now, if according to these principles of moral justice, we were to give and take, bear and forbear, instead of wishing to establish our own opinions in the face of all obstacles, there would be much less pride in the world, than at present exists, and we should enjoy much more peace and satisfaction.

Domenico Maria Manni.

DOMENICO MARIA MANNI.

This writer was a Florentine, and flourished during the early part of the eighteenth century. He is known as the author of a variety of works, distinguished no less for their taste and elegance, than for their depth and accuracy of research, and strength of reasoning. A sound and accomplished scholar, several of his treatises were written in Latin, remarkable for its pure and classic taste. He was a profound and voluminous commentator, and celebrated for his antiquarian learning; his treatise upon ancient seals and medals having been consulted by most of his successors. He published editions of several scarce and valuable works, some of which he rescued from oblivion; and put forth improved editions of many of the rarer novelists. We owe to him an historical account of the Decameron, and of the Novel of Grasso Legnaiuolo, published at Florence in 1744, extremely rare; a translation from which will be found in the present selection. In addition to his efforts as a novelist, in which he appears as one of

the best writers of the last century, he acquired no little reputation from the extent and variety of his historical notices. Those relating to the ancient baths, to the amphitheatre, and to the academies of Florence, justly obtained for him a high reputation among antiquarians and men of letters, while he was equally celebrated for his wit, and for his conversational powers.

DOMENICO MARIA MANNI.

NOVELLA I.

There is no longer reason to doubt the truth of some very singular circumstances that are said to have occurred between two lovers, Ginevra degli Amieri, and Antonio Rondinelli; and particularly when we reflect how generally they have been credited during upwards of three ages. They are as follows:—

Antonio had become deeply enamoured of the beauties of the lady Ginevra, and had persevered in his attachment for more than four years, subsequent to 1396, against the express wishes of her father, who wished to bestow her hand upon one of the Agolanti family, named Francesco, as being of superior fortune to his rival, although not so agreeable in the eyes of the fair Ginevra. She may be said, therefore, to have been forced into the arms of Francesco, as she yielded a reluctant consent to her parents' will; while unfortunately the passion of Antonio seemed only to acquire fresh vigour from the

bitter disappointment of all his hopes. In the wretchedness of his heart, he vowed never to bestow his hand upon another; and he still indulged himself in the sad consolation of gazing upon her at all public festivals, in churches, and private assemblies.

Now it chanced that in the great plague of 1400, which ravaged so many cities of Italy, and especially Florence, the fair Ginevra was taken sick, and owing either to the neglect of the physicians, or the malignant nature of the disease, soon after fell an apparent victim to its rage. Strong hysterical affections, then little understood, had preceded her decease; and every one around her supposed that she had ceased to breathe. Immediate interment also taking place, as was usual in those periods of distress, she narrowly escaped the fate, most probably shared by many in such seasons of terror, of being inhumed alive. Borne by a body of priests, she was laid with little ceremony in the family vault, belonging to the chapel of her ancestors, and to this day the place is pointed out to the curious stranger who visits the spot. She was greatly lamented by her husband, her friends, and indeed by all who knew her virtues; but the grief of none was equal to that of Antonio Rondinelli, when he heard of her sudden decease.

Esteemed by all ranks, only a few months a bride,

her supposed fate drew tears from many eyes; yet only a few hours of that fatal night had elapsed, when awaking out of her lethargic slumber the poor young creature opened her eyes. The moon shone brightly; when shivering with the cold damp air of the vault (it being the month of October), she attempted to raise herself up, and in a short time began to recognise the place in which she lay. Commending herself to the mercy of Heaven, and all its guardian saints, she next strove to release herself from her unearthly garments, and perceiving a glimmer of light through a crevice in the door, she succeeded, though faint and exhausted, in reaching the entrance of the vault. Having mounted the steps, by degrees she removed a portion of the covering least secured, through which she had observed the light, and at length, with extreme difficulty, issued forth. Terror and despair had hitherto given her strength, while the cold air now braced her nerves, and thinly clad as she was, she pursued her way (hence called Via della Morte), towards her husband's house, along the *Corso degli Adimari*, now named *Via Dei Calzajoli*, and along some bye streets, until she reached her own door. Her husband, who happened to be sitting sorrowfully over the fire just before retiring to rest, himself went to the door, and on beholding such a

figure, and hearing a low and plaintive voice, he started back, and made the sign of the cross, believing it was a spirit. Then invoking her to depart, he hastily shut the door in her face, and went trembling to bed, vowing to have more masses and alms offered up the following day for the repose of her soul,

Ginevra wept; "Is this the love," she cried, "he should have borne me! alas, alas, what shall I do? must I perish of cold and hunger in the streets?" Then recollecting her father's house, she pursued her weary way thither; but he was from home, and her mother, from an upper story, hearing a weak, plaintive voice, interrupted with sobs and shiverings, exclaimed in a paroxysm of pious fear: "Get thee gone in peace, blessed spirit," and shut down the window, in hopes that she had laid the ghost. The wretched girl then wringing her hands, resumed her way, and attempted to reach the abode of one of her uncles, resting frequently as she went; yet, after all, she found her toil still unrecompensed, receiving the same reply wherever she went, "Get thee gone in peace;" after which polite reception the door was closed in her face. At length, weary with suffering, she laid herself down to sleep, or rather to die, under the little lodge of San Bartolommeo, when just before closing her eyes, she bethought herself, as a last re-

source, of her former lover, from whom she was then at no great distance. "Yet what reception," she mentally exclaimed, "ought I to expect, after the slights and ill treatment that he has met with at the hands of me and my family, when I consider too how those who professed to love me have driven me from their doors!" It was with a misgiving heart then that she knocked at Antonio's door. Whether or not we are to suppose that he possessed superior strength of courage or of love, beyond all her natural relatives whom she had tried, certain it is, that instead of being terrified at her appearance, he advanced boldly and even eagerly towards her, gazing upon her with fixed looks, and drawing his breath deeply; then apparently recognizing her, he exclaimed in a kind and gentle tone, "Art thou indeed Ginevra, or her pure and sainted spirit?" and the next moment he felt her, a living and breathing woman, in his arms! Calling out loudly for assistance, his mother and servants came running to inquire what had happened, most of whom on beholding her, ran away again faster than they had approached. But the happy Antonio, bearing her in his arms, had her speedily wrapped in warm linen, and placed upon a couch, between his mother and another female, in order to restore her to a natural warmth. Still he indulged fears that she would not revive, while

he availed himself of every thing that art or nature could furnish to cherish the vital flame. It would be difficult to decide, whether, as he watched her gradually reviving, his feeling of unutterable joy was not greater than had been that of his overwhelming grief, on first hearing tidings that her beloved spirit had fled. He lingered around her bed, or was ever at her side, unwilling to trust her even to the most confidential servants of the household, and administering every cordial to her with his own hand. When she was at last enabled to sit up, she fell at her benefactor's, at her lover's feet, and while she poured forth her unutterable gratitude in floods of tears, and passionate exclamations, she yet with her characteristic purity and virtue besought him to have pity on her, to respect her honour, and to add to all his generosity and tenderness, the disinterestedness of a true friend. For he knew, she continued, that there was nothing she could, nothing she ought to deny him, after such unheard of kindness, and that she was henceforward his handmaid and his slave. Still, she should prefer death to the loss of virtue or of reputation; and if he truly loved her, he would respect them; and that he did love her as none ever before loved, was evident in the charity, courage, and true tenderness with which he had taken her to his arms, when husband,

father, mother, and all friends and relatives forsook her.

Antonio, delighted to dwell upon her voice, hung enraptured over her, as she spoke, and then falling before her upon his knees, he entreated her forgiveness, if he had in the slightest instance forgotten himself, or transgressed the strictest bounds prescribed by reverence and honour. She could only answer him with a fresh gush of tears, as she pressed his hands with tremulous emotion to her heart and lips; while, soothing her alarm, the kind Antonio assured her that she owed him nothing, that he was more than sufficiently rewarded in beholding her restoration to health and beauty, and that he wished, and would accept nothing from her gratitude alone.

"Did she," he continued, with an expression of anguish and alarm, "insist upon being instantly restored to her husband's arms? then let her speak it. Hesitate not, spare me not," he cried; "I will do it, though I die for it!"—"Ah! never, never," exclaimed the wretched girl; "wedded though I be, I will not see him, I will not dwell with him more. Let me rather fly to a nunnery, and again become buried alive for ever. Besides, death hath dissolved our union: I was dead to him; nay, he interred me, and but now drove me from his presence.—Men-

tion him no more," she continued, "for were it requisite, I would appeal to our tribunal, to every tribunal upon earth! Have they not all, moreover, numbered me with the dead, and rejected me when I rose from the grave by little less than a miracle?" The delighted Antonio, on receiving these sweet assurances, could only fall at her feet, and thank her with his tears; but they were tears of extatic pleasure, soon smiled and kissed away. For, as if to promote the wishes which both in their secret hearts indulged, Agolanti, the former husband of the lady, being of a covetous disposition, disposed of the whole of her ornaments and dresses, which Antonio, who had his eye upon all the proceedings of her relations, very soon contrived to get into his own hands. Agolanti, shortly afterwards, meeting with a lady of fortune, paid his addresses to her; upon which, Antonio and his beautiful Ginevra, no longer hesitating what course to pursue, resolved to secure the blissful object they had in view, and to unite their fate everlastingly in one. The new marriage deeds being therefore drawn out according to the usual forms, without the knowledge of even her nearest relatives, who had scarcely yet finished offering up masses for her soul, of which they imagined, from what they had seen, that she stood in the utmost need, she proceeded

to church early one Sunday morning to confer her hand upon the happy Antonio. Her future mother-in-law, with a single servant, and Antonio following them, as if going to hear mass, formed the whole of the wedding party. When just on the point of entering the church, they encountered another procession: it was that of her late husband Agolanti, her mother, and other friends, proceeding exactly on the same destination. What was here to be done? and which did it behove to yield precedence to the other? With the greatest presence of mind, Antonio's bride accosted her mother, who in some surprise and terror, with the rest of the party, kept at a respectful distance. Yet it being daylight, and observing Ginevra so well dressed, and looking so beautiful and so happy, they felt somewhat reassured when she accosted them, and briefly informed them, that as her physicians had given her over, the priest administered extreme unction, and her friends and relatives performed her last obsequies, she had taken her final leave, and no longer belonged to them; that it was plain, moreover, that they wished it to be so, for that after she had been miraculously restored to them, no one had taken the least notice of her, but, on the other hand, had driven her from her own doors: that he alone, from whom she expected least, had received her like

a good Samaritan, and opened his house and arms to her, restoring her to life and love; and that, by all the laws of heaven and earth, she would henceforth be his; for without his assistance she must assuredly have died; so that, having every claim to her gratitude, she had consented to become wholly his. Then taking a hasty farewell of her mother and her friends, the parties separated, not choosing to perform the respective ceremonies at the same time, and in the same church. Upon their return, after the marriage-feast was concluded, a messenger arrived with an order from the bishop, and, in the presence of her former husband, summoned for the occasion, the prelate declared the ecclesiastical sentence, of which the tenor ran: that the fair Ginevra should remain the wife of Antonio, and that her former husband should restore the whole of her dower, since it was clear that the lady had been dead and buried, but, to the glory of the church, had been miraculously restored.

Autore Ignoto.

AUTORE IGNOTO:

(BY AN ANONYMOUS NOVELIST).

A CERTAIN Persian peasant chanced one morning to be carrying a fine kid to market, riding upon his ass with the dainty animal following him. The better to secure his charge, he had tied a little bell to its neck. He had journeyed about the distance of two miles, when he had the ill luck to fall in with three robbers, famous in those parts for the audacity and cunning of their thefts. "Lo!" said one of them to his companions, as he beheld the countryman approaching, "here comes a fine fish for our net; I think he is worth hooking. I will bet you what you please, I can run away with that pretty kid, without the stupid wretch perceiving it."—"And I," said the other, "that I will take the beast he rides upon with his own permission, and he shall moreover thank me for it."—"Pshaw!" cried the third, "why boast of this? it is mere child's play, unworthy of our skill and of the reputation we enjoy. For my part, as you have left me nothing else, I will strip him of the very clothes he has on his back, and he shall salute me by the tender names of benefactor and

friend."—"To the trial, then," cried all three at once.—"Let the first boaster," said the last, "proceed to work first." So forth he stepped, following the poor rustic quietly at a distance. Soon, unloosing the bell from the kid's neck with infinite dexterity, he tied it to the ass's tail, and away he went with the kid in a contrary direction. The poor man still hearing the tinkling of the bell, concluded all was safe behind him, and merrily jogged along his way. At length, however, he happened to turn round, and hearing the bell, but not seeing the goat, he was greatly puzzled what to think, or which way to look, running hastily in different directions, and inquiring of every one he met, whether they had seen his kid, and the thief who had stolen it. The second robber, upon this, coming forward, said: "It is true, I saw a man running away in that direction just now: he had a goat, and I will be sworn it was yours." So away went the countryman, leaving his ass in the thief's care, and thanking him at the same time for his kindness. After running himself out of breath, he found his search was all in vain; and making a few more unavailing efforts in various directions, he was fain to return, as he fondly dreamed, to his ass, which he had left in the kind stranger's protection. "Alas!" he cried, "where is my friend? where is my donkey? surely, surely the thief has not stolen them!" Per-

ceiving at length the full extent of his misfortune, he began to blaspheme bitterly, cursing the day he was born, and Mahomet and all the prophets. " But the next rascal who imposes upon me," he cried, " must be made of very different stuff." Whilst he was in this way defying all the powers of mischief to league against him in future, and committing a thousand extravagancies, he happened to hear a deep groan uttered not far from him; and going a little farther, he found a man weeping bitterly. The rustic said: " What is the matter with you, that you make such a lamentable noise? Do you think that you are as unfortunate as I am, who have lost two beautiful beasts, a goat and an ass, at a single throw? I was going with my kid to market, when lo! two detestable monsters in the shape of thieves, have robbed me of all I had in the world, the foundation of my future fortunes." But the third robber only replied: " Get thee gone, fool, and do not pretend to compare miseries with me! Why, I have dropt a case of the most precious jewels, directed to the cadi, into this well; the value of them would not only buy all the asses and goats in the world, but all Persia into the bargain; and what is more, if I do not find them, the cadi will hang me up by the neck." On saying this, he again commenced his cries, to such a doleful tune, that not even the unhappy rustic was proof against them.

" Then why not strip and dive for them, instead of raising all this clamour?" he cried; " the well is not so deep as to drown you, nor to break your neck if you should fall."—" Alas!" said the thief, " I can neither dive nor swim; I should assuredly perish! Would any one take compassion on me, and go down, I would give him ten pieces of gold to find them."—" Would you so?" exclaimed the joyous rustic, snatching at the offer; " this is an opportunity to redeem my losses with a vengeance. It will pay me double, both for the goat and the ass;" and forthwith he proceeded to strip himself; then balancing himself on the edge of the well, he sprang in, plunging and diving, and swimming in all directions, yet all in vain, for no treasure was to be found.

At length, having explored all the corners, he was glad to get out again, and looked somewhat anxiously for his clothes, as he found it beginning to be very cold. What a consummation of his sorrows! He beheld neither his friends nor his garments; and, for the third time, he perceived too late that he had been cheated. To crown his misfortunes, he was compelled to return home in this pitiable condition, where his wife first began to ridicule him, and then gave him a sound beating.

Girolamo Padovani.

GIROLAMO PADOVANI.

NOVELLA I.

The family of the baron of Carolich consisted of three sons. From their earliest infancy he had devoted them to such studies as he deemed most essential in forming the characters of useful and honourable men. With the second, however, named Borso, he had a difficult card to play; there was nothing to which he would devote himself, such was his levity, his violence, his unsociable and unmanageable disposition. At fifteen years old, he knew no more than a child, and his father sometimes actually despaired of him. "What shall I do," he would often exclaim, "with this wild, ungovernable wretch? he is worse than a wild beast to manage; and if he continues in my family, he is enough to ruin the whole household, as well as himself. And yet, whither can I send him? what would he do elsewhere?" Out of patience, at length, he one day beckoned to him: "Borso, my boy," he exclaimed, "you are become a very grief and burden to me; you will apply your-

self to no pursuit; how, then, are you ever likely to succeed? What sort of figure will you make when grown up, as ignorant as you now are?"—"I have decided what I will be," returned the youth in a dogged tone, "I will be a soldier."—"So," replied his father, "you have *decided*, and you *will* be a soldier?—Why, that is the language of a clown, not of a gentleman's son. But let it go; to expect manners from such as thou, would be folly indeed. But if thou art bent upon becoming a cut-throat, even commence thy trade; if not, hit upon something else thou wouldst better like; it is all one; for I assure thee, my house will not much longer hold us both. My fortune is by no means great, and my younger son's expectations are still less; so it is time for you to think of fixing upon your future residence and occupation."

"I have said it once," retorted the ungainly youth; "I will go and be a soldier."—"And I," said his father, "tell thee, thou shalt be a soldier. I am quite content."

Of a truth, the baron was a kind, good-hearted man, and much in the manner of the vulgar, apt to judge of a soldier's qualifications from his outside, and from a boasting and rough manner, equal to bustle and fight its way; and already in his mind's

eye he beheld his son Borso figuring as a field-marshal, especially when he reflected upon his hot-headed fury and rash temper.

Soon after this conversation, the young cavalier del l'Aquila arrived from Germany on a visit to the baron. He had received his education at one of those military schools in that country, which are the great supply of young officers for the imperial army. He was just in the flower of his days, of a handsome person, accomplished manners, and with good qualities superior even to his address. To say nothing of his acquaintance with the fine arts, his knowledge and acquirements were surpassed by his modesty, which threw a charm around his character, and placed his virtues in the fairest light. He betrayed nothing of youth, except in his countenance; he had nothing of the bold stare affected by military fops; his open brow appeared the seat of candour and modesty, which, united to his elegant conversation and manners, exhibited a pleasing and lively portrait of modest virtue, drawn upon a rich and solid ground, which added strength and beauty to his character.

He was courted in all private and public assemblies. His respectful demeanour towards persons of greater age and experience than himself, never arguing with them as if one of their equals, without

being purposely drawn out by them, rendered him a favourite with all. His language was flowing, exact, and free from any kind of affected or dogmatical tone, while his sentiments were advanced with an air of caution and reserve, a conciliatory manner that invites the attention of the audience, before they apprehend our meaning. Invariably delicate and discreet, he always evinced a due respect for the opinion of others, though without sacrificing his own sincerity. He replied to downright assertions or contradictions only by a smile, and received applause with the modesty of true merit, which, ambitious of esteem, is fearful only of not meriting it. In short, he united many of those opposite qualities which please in others, win the heart, and command the esteem of all parties. All these were new and delightful to the society at Modena, whose young men, more especially those from the country, were too apt to study a false courage and vaunting language as their rule of manners.

The baron was enchanted with his young friend, admiring his singular delicacy and propriety of conduct, which gave a pleasing relief to his more solid qualities. He soon pronounced the young cavalier Aquila to be the most perfect model of youth he had ever seen, though there was one thing that perplexed him

extremely. He could not conceive how such characters could be turned out of a military academy, or how they could possibly succeed in a military career! As for his son Borso, he pronounced the young gentleman a mere milksop, destitute of true spirit and common courage, without strength or capacity, though he still felt something that prevented him telling him so to his face.

In the mean while, the baron sought the best means of promoting Borso's views. There was an old Italian officer, a very respectable man, who joined young Aquila soon after his arrival. He had served several campaigns against the French, under the imperial banners, where he distinguished himself by his skill and bravery. The baron having applied to him, and expressed his desire that his son should return with him into Germany, the other declared he should be happy to take him under his charge. "He is a boy," said the baron, "who has given me some trouble; but I trust he will do credit to me at last. He has a *decided* taste for the profession; he *will* be a soldier; is not that, think you, a good sign?"

The officer congratulated the baron, and wished to be introduced to the youth, in order to acquaint himself with his qualifications. In a few days our young Achilles was introduced to him, and the officer entered

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SA...

upon an examination of his merits. But he had little satisfaction in the task, with one who seemed to have confounded all distinctions between right and wrong, and who made a boast of some of his worst qualities. In a short time, therefore, Borso was thoroughly analyzed, and the inference drawn, was, that he appeared incapable of any thing, and more especially of succeeding in the military line. " Well," exclaimed the good old baron, on his friend's return, " what think you of our young warrior? will he not cut a figure in the field? that hope is my great comfort." " I have seen him," replied the other; " he seems hardly sensible of the difficulties of the profession." " So much the better, perhaps," returned his father, " he will experience them soon enough." " True, but when the time comes, I fear he will scarcely persist in his resolutions." " How so?" said the baron, impatiently interrupting the officer, " can he be likely to fail in the sole object of all his wishes?" " Assuredly, I think so," replied his friend. " My dear brigadier," exclaimed the poor father, somewhat affected, " do not say so." " Hear me, dear baron," added the officer, " it is not that I am so much afraid of the young man's ignorance, and unwillingness to engage in study, such as they appear to be now. United to talent, his duties would speedily cor-

rect all this." "Then if he be only ignorant," interrupted his father, "he will do like so many others; he will learn; let it pass." "Yes, my good baron, but what makes me afraid of engaging with him, is that very military air that seems to strike you so much; it is one of the most equivocal virtues a soldier can have. Pardon me, I see it afflicts you, baron, but what can I say? my regard for you compels me to be thus open with you; for to say the truth, becoming modesty is one of the most desirable qualities in military society. Honour and reputation, the great objects in the field, are to be pursued with caution and delicacy, the best foundation even for military qualities. But were such characters as your son Borso to mingle in our mess-room, with their bold and blustering manners, to decide, contradict, and laugh in people's faces, they would infallibly have their throats cut in less than a month. This assumption, these false pretensions to merit, united to expressions of arrogance and contempt, will not be tolerated with impunity by gentlemen of our profession." "Yet recollect, brigadier, he is still very young: can you make no allowances? is there not yet time?" "No, I fear not, baron; you may take it for a maxim, too late for your boy, that he who is not educated when he ought, will never be

educated: I dare say you found it impossible to succeed!" "True," said the poor baron, as he turned away, and terminated the conversation. Many were the doubts, many the plans that passed through his mind, but after all he knew not what line of conduct to adopt. He could not but admit the justice of his friend's remarks, yet he was quite at a loss how to act upon them, and in short, went on lamenting day after day, without being able to fix upon any plan. In the meanwhile, this hopeful youth, like an ill weed, continued to thrive apace, becoming stronger and more formidable to those about him. But the same qualities predominated; the boy's boldness became impudence in the youth, and headstrong temerity in the man.

His native state finally appearing too narrow a stage for his exploits, and little sensible of his merit, he resolved to enter upon a wider sphere, in which his genius and good fortune might render him a hero. He obtained a commission in a German regiment, and set out for Vienna. The old baron felt greatly relieved by his absence, but he was not long at peace. Borso appeared to have assumed the uniform, only to verify the predictions of the brigadier; he bore it during six months! At first, he felt a little restraint; his youth and the little experience he possessed in the

profession were in his favour; but he soon became so notorious and overbearing, as these wore off, that his mess would no longer tolerate him, and he received three challenges. The first of these was prevented by the police; the second he himself contrived to avoid, by giving information of the time and place. But in the third, he was not so fortunate, for his commander, weary of his absurdities, and of his barefaced impudence, availed himself of it to get rid of one who did him so little credit. He let the duel take its course, and when the hour approached, his adversary was found waiting our hero's arrival on the spot, but he never came. From that period, his fellow officers refused to associate with him, or receive him into their parties, so that he was compelled to solicit his discharge, and retire to Modena.

The city soon rang with the fame of his exploits in Germany; he took care to trumpet them forth in all the societies in which he appeared. He adorned his narrations astonishingly, despising all reason and probability with true military *sang froid*. In about six months, however, his reign was at an end; the real facts became known, letters came from Vienna, and the tragic glory of the scene was turned into complete farce. He played his new character about a year, when, becoming weary of it, he resolved to

employ his talents once more, conceiving it wrong to deprive the world of his services; a resolution to which his circumstances, (his father no longer honouring his bills), added no little force; and the baron soon after dying, he was treated with less ceremony than before. Without loss of time then, he applied for admission into the troops of one of the petty sovereigns of Italy. "There are no great laurels to be reaped there, to be sure," he cried, "but then the danger is proportionably less."

Setting out from Modena, he went instantly to court, where he contrived to be presented, and to make an offer of his services to the prince. He fondly imagined that tidings of his German campaign had not reached the capital, and that he had free scope to display his heroic qualities, which could not fail to prove his merit; the reverse of this, nevertheless, happened. The prince took care to make inquiries, which convinced him that the apparent valour and intrepidity of our hero did not extend beyond his words and looks; that his sole object in applying for admission into his regiments, was to earn a quiet livelihood, and for this reason he resolved to reject him. Borso, however, had secured his presentation, and doubted not of success.

The quality of modesty, serving for a recommenda-

tion to all other virtues, was one to which our hero had a decided antipathy, and he shewed not the slightest traces of it in his interview with the prince. On the contrary, he summoned all his confidence, the better to display his warlike qualities to advantage, and to appear even greater than he was. So gross were the lies and extravagancies that he uttered, as completely to upset the prince's gravity, while Borso, who interpreted this into a mark of approbation, proceeded with fresh ardour in his career. At length he proposed to be immediately enrolled in the royal body-guard, upon which the prince inquired if he knew how to perform his exercise? "Oh, excuse me," returned the hero, "let us say no more of that!" "But I should like to see you," continued the prince; "there, take your sword, it will do as well as a musket for aught I know, and I will review you;" the exercise commenced, and after a variety of manœuvres, the prince gave the word of command, quick march! Away Borso marched, and by chance the door lying before him, he reached the entrance, expecting the command, right about wheel! but this never came, and he was constrained to march on. The moment he had got into the gallery, the prince ordered his chamberlain to close the doors, while Borso continued to march along. In this way, with

his sword drawn, he traversed the great hall and galleries before a crowd of nobility and courtiers, all eagerly pushing forwards to get a view of the *Prince's Hero,* by which name he was ever afterwards known. At length he reached the great staircase, still anxiously awaiting his recal, till having sense enough to sheath his sword, he marched off home, and thence to the city of Modena, where, as the adventure appeared to him to be very creditable to himself, he related it in all companies.

Luigi Sanvitale.

LUIGI SANVITALE.

NOVELLA I.*

He who, (nursed in the bosom of ease and uninterrupted prosperity), has been accustomed from his infancy to the indulgence of all his fondest wishes, can form no just idea of the real evils of life. The prejudices that he acquires, by degrees become fixed and inveterate; he is apt to imagine himself not only superior, but almost of a different nature and composition to the bulk of mankind, whom he is inclined to rank little higher than the brutes, while he himself arrogates the right of tyrannizing over his dependants and inferiors.

In the Roman annals has been preserved the name of Vedio Pollione, a rich patrician; and a striking example of the character above alluded to. Indeed, to so great an extreme did he carry his luxurious taste in regard to the delicacies of his table, that he kept a private fish-pond of lampreys which he was accus-

* The above story is announced as having been borrowed from Seneca, *De Irâ,* lib. iii.

tomed to feed with human blood, to give them a more poignant relish. To this character of a complete gourmand, he added the most refined cruelty, inventing new kinds of chastisement for his slaves, which he took pleasure in applying on the slightest occasions of offence; yet, notwithstanding the ferocity of his character, it could not be denied that he displayed the utmost courtesy and refinement of manners in public, insomuch as to attract the particular notice and esteem of the Emperor Augustus. On one occasion he fixed to take supper with Pollio at his own house on a certain day. We may easily imagine the extraordinary display of luxury and delicacy of every kind, to greet the eyes of the imperial guest. The flesh of every animal, most judiciously and exquisitely disguised, was laid under contribution; fish of the greatest rarity and most delicious taste, the finest fruits the seasons of every country could afford, were all presented in plate and vases of the richest material and workmanship. The feast in fact was glorious, and went off with the most charming conviviality and success, until the rarest wines began to be more freely circulated, and the joy and satisfaction of the emperor was at its height; even the slaves seemed to catch the enlivening influence, as they offered their best services with steady foot and light

hand. All indeed, except one unfortunate, who happened to be carrying a fine crystal vase, when unluckily his foot slipped, and it fell with a crash to the ground. With the most careless air, Pollio, turning his head, ordered him to be thrown into the fish-pond, to give a higher relish to the lampreys. But the poor slave, terrified at the idea of so shocking a fate, ran and threw himself at the emperor's feet, beseeching that he would obtain for him some other kind of death. Not a little surprised at both the novelty and severity of the sentence, the monarch told the slave to rise, adding, " Go, offer up thy thanks to Jupiter Omnipotent, who brought me hither to sup with thy master to night; thou art a lucky slave!" Then turning towards Pollio, with a reproving countenance, he gave orders that all the fine crystals should be thrown into the pond, instead of the poor slave's carcase, and thus gave his courtier a lesson in humanity, at the expense of his taste for fish.

NOVELLA XII.*

In the city of Placenza, there occurred a singular circumstance, not very long ago, the relation of which cannot fail to give pleasure to benevolent minds. A young cavalier happened one evening to be going to join a party of friends, when a poor man in wretched attire, crossed his path, and in a quick bold tone asked him for his money. The cavalier, by no means an Orlando Furioso in point of courage, presented him, as he was requested, with his purse; which the thief opened, and counted out six pieces, instantly returning to him the rest. The next minute he disappeared. Convinced by the singularity of the act, that he must be some indigent wretch, the cavalier, without the least desire to molest him, resolved to keep him in sight, if possible, and was lucky enough to see him dart, at no great distance, into a miserable little hovel. He then advanced, and knocked at the door, where the robber directly after appeared: what was his surprise and terror to behold the man he had just robbed! Throwing himself at his feet, he im-

* This incident is stated to have really occurred, as it is here related, to a gentleman who acted thus generously in return.

plored his mercy in the name of his destitute and suffering family, whose wretchedness had driven him to such an act. " Good man," said the cavalier, " do not distress yourself; I did not follow you to do you any sort of harm: it was only curiosity that led me to watch you; I wished to know your motive; let me see those for whom you ventured your life." He was shown a miserable group; a few tattered rags, a little straw, a mother's pallid and care-worn looks, and wild, half-famished children, crying and calling for bread, made up the woful picture. The cavalier turned his head aside; he could not restrain his tears; then addressing the father of the family, he said, " I came to bring you the purse; relieve your poor children;" and he darted from the spot.

Count Carlo Gozzi.

COUNT CARLO GOZZI.

THE writings of Count Gozzi are chiefly distinguished among those of his Italian contemporaries of the eighteenth century, by their wit and spirit; and the influence they exercised over the taste and manners of the age. His novels, perhaps, constitute the least portion; his romantic and fantastic drama, which produced a sort of revolution in the Italian stage, having acquired for him the highest degree of reputation. In his comedies and farce he was surpassed by none, and such was the degree of popularity he acquired, as not only to rival that of Goldoni, but to induce the latter, in the bitterness of his chagrin, to leave the Italian stage open to his rival, and seek a more favourable reception in a foreign land. We find him mentioned in M. Sismondi's Literary History of the South, in terms of high commendation, no less as a writer of fiction, than as a poet and a man of wit. "It was thus," observes that author, "that Count Gozzi acquired a knowledge of the use which might

be made of the marvellous, and of the admiration of the people for deceptions and metamorphoses accomplished on a great scale, upon the stage; in a word, of the emotions which attend the revival of the early fictions familiar to our childhood. He selected all the fairy tales that appeared to him best calculated to produce a brilliant effect. He dramatized them, and gave them to the public, accompanied with such magnificence of decoration, and surprising machinery, as did not fail to draw forth testimonies of the liveliest applause. The humour of the actors, and the animation and interest which the author contrived to throw into these time-worn fictions, gave them all the effect of a tragi-comedy, equally interesting and amusing. Indeed, Gozzi seemed to have imbibed the very spirit of fairy fable; and he always preserves the sort of probability we look for in a fairy tale."* The latter remark will apply to his novels, which are superior to those of any author, perhaps, who flourished in the eighteenth century. They were received, as well as his dramas, with the greatest enthusiasm by the Germans; many of his pieces were translated; and it has been observed, that we ourselves are little

* *Literature of the Italians,* vol. ii. p. 402. *English Translation.*

less indebted than the Germans to the fantastic drama of Gozzi. He may be considered indeed, as the father of the modern glories of the pantomime, which have conferred even more pleasure than his novels upon the past and rising generations.

CARLO GOZZI.

NOVELLA I.

A CERTAIN Count, a great master of the whip, and well known in the sporting circles, was busily engaged in breaking in a fine young horse, which he intended for his chariot. For this purpose he put him in harness with another steed accustomed to the bit, and passed the greater part of the day flourishing his lash, on his own coach-box, in the greatest style. By merely shaking the reins, he could put them to all their paces; to amble, trot, and gallop at pleasure. In fact, though the beast was very stubborn, he had nearly mastered him, of which he was not a little vain, as he had had many hair-breadth escapes, and encountered infinite perils in the task. Every time he turned out, being twice a day at least, he put the streets in an uproar; the wheels, the voice, the whip, and the horses' hoofs, all uniting to produce a most discordant concourse of rude sounds. The passengers fled in all directions, bestowing their maledictions upon him; while the windows were crowded with

heads thrust out to behold the cause of such a hideous din. This was his great triumph and delight, and added fresh ardour to his jockeyship, until unluckily on one occasion, transported beyond all bounds, he attempted to accomplish a very difficult turn, when the road being drenched in rain, brought steed, chariot, and charioteer, in all their pride, with a tremendous and ruinous clatter, down to the ground. But the invincible hero soon resumed his seat, brandished his whip, shouted, threatened, and swore; but it was all in vain; the unlucky horse lay quite still, and nothing could induce him to rise. Dreading lest his reputation should suffer from this event, and the people no longer run in crowds to behold the famous Orlando and his Vegliantino pass along, he became doubly anxious to retrieve his credit, and called all his lacqueys to his assistance. But the poor beast lay so completely bound down in his harness, with half the relics of the chariot upon his back, that it would have been easier to untie the Gordian knot, than to extricate him. The noble Count, overwhelmed with shame at his defeat, sprang from his seat, ran to the horse's head, and tried a variety of expedients to raise him from the ground. But whistling, kicking, flogging, and persuading, were equally ineffectual; the poor beast being far too much entangled to attend to

them. He only snorted and foamed, and bit and kicked, in answer to every expedient proposed to him by his master. So, finding that he could do nothing with the horse, he determined to try his hand on the coach, and with the assistance of all present, he attempted to lift it off the beast's back, another party acting simultaneously to free the horse, by pinching, pulling, and drawing him by the ears and tail, in order to produce some impression upon him. But this was only attended with the same success as before: they were, in short, compelled to desist. As in very desperate cases, every man thinks himself entitled to give an opinion, so now in the Count's, or rather his horse's utter extremity, all proposed contradictory plans, believing themselves full as able and profound mechanicians, in the art of raising up a given weight, as either an Euclid or an Archimedes. Yet nothing was effected, except harassing the poor beast, who expressed the most decided objection to getting up, as if desirous of disgracing his master for his unskilful conduct, or perhaps anxious to keep out of his way, and no longer to tempt the whip. The Count was plunged in grief and despair! But just at this time it happened that one Moscione, a wag, passed that way, who, beholding the tumult and fracas at a distance, hastened towards the spot, and shout-

ing with a voice of authority, ran among them: "Stand back, I say, keep quiet there! a plague upon the idiots, let the horse alone! Leave him to me, I say! You are the Pope's soldiers with a vengeance, and, I dare say, could work if you had a whip at your back; but without it you will do nothing!" The Count, hearing his confident and authoritative language, began to take breath, flattering himself that he had found a very Solomon; and, reiterating his command, bade all the people make way, and let him proceed to work.

So Moscione, casting a knowing look on the whole concern, bit his lips and frowned, and then apparently proceeded to a minute examination, often stopping, as if considering very deeply the remedy in view. The spectators, in spite of his abuse of them, stood looking on with an air of respect and reverence, with the Count at their head, his eyes and mouth wide open, expecting to see him perform little less than a miracle. After completing his examination, and reflecting for a long time, during which the people around stood as still as death, Moscione turned short upon the Count, and said, "Let the beast rest!" And having uttered this, he quietly went his way.

When the people had a little recovered from their

surprise, they burst into immoderate fits of laughter, chiefly directed at the Count, who, for a long time, stood waiting for his return; believing that he was gone to seek for some new mechanical apparatus for raising his horse. But he might have stood there until the day of judgment; no Moscione appeared there any more. He was, finally, compelled to have his chariot taken away, piecemeal, while his fine young steed was dragged to the stables, useless, at least for the Count's purposes, ever afterwards.

At first he vowed to be revenged upon the impertinent wag, Moscione; but the latter only said, laughing, "Let him prove that I did him any injury, and I will pay the damages;" and in this way he kept up the laugh against the Count: a proper reward for his extreme vanity and folly.

NOVELLA VII.

Happening to recollect an amusing incident, that occurred in my own times, at the church of Santi Ermacora and Fortunato, (which the Venetians, making two saints into one, call the church of Santo Marcuola), I will repeat it to you as follows. Messer Gherardo Benvenga was a Venetian silk-mercer, a very pleasant and good kind of man; and as creditable as you would wish to find any tradesman. Rising early, as usual, one Sunday morning, being the day he had fixed upon, to save time, for the payment of the half year's rent of his shop, he was no sooner washed and dressed than he counted out the money. "First of all," he says, "I will go to mass, after putting these ten sequins in my purse, and when I have heard mass, I will just step and despatch this other little affair." He had no sooner said it than he snatched up his mantle, crossed himself devoutly, and sallied forth. Passing along near the said church, he heard, by the tinkling of a little bell, that the mass was going out. "Oh," he cried, "it is going, full of unction." So he hastens into the church, touches the holy water, and approaches the altar where the priest

pronounces the *introibo.* He knelt upon a form, where there was no other person except a very pleasing and good-natured looking lady, adorned in the Venetian fashion, with a Florentine petticoat, and a black silk vest, apparently just from the mercer's, trimmed with sleeves of the finest lace, along with gold rings, bracelets of the richest chain gold, and a necklace set with beautiful diamonds; while, full of devotion and modesty, she held a very prettily bound book in her hands, from which she was singing hymns like an angel. Messer Gherardo turned his eyes towards her a few moments, anxious to profit by so lovely and edifying an example, without the least alloy of any more terrestrial feeling, and accordingly drew a little psalter from his pocket, and began, quite absorbed within himself, and shaking his head with emotion, to join in the anthem.

The mass being at length over, Messer Gherardo bethought himself, according to courteous custom, of making a chaste obeisance to the lady; but while he was preparing, she had already passed, and he followed, marvelling within himself in what manner she would have returned his intended civility. On getting out, he instinctively took the road to pay his ten pieces to the landlord, an agent for one of the noble Morosini family, and knocking at the door,

he said; "I am come here to pay money as usual, but you have never yet returned my calls to pay me any thing; come and look at my shop some day;" and in this jocular strain he thrust his hand into his purse, feeling on all sides without finding a single sequin. "Am I out of my wits?" he cried. "What is this?" and he rolled his eyes like a demoniac, as if under the operation of the bitterest torments. At length, feeling something hard sticking in a corner of his purse, and hastily seizing it, he drew forth a beautiful bracelet of fine gold with diamond clasps, amounting to the value of some two hundred ducats. The poor tradesman was half petrified at the sight. At first, he believed it to be the effect of witchcraft, then a trick; and was altogether so much at a loss, that turning briskly round, while the agent grinned in his face, he ran down the steps without saying a single word. "Messer Gherardo, good Messer Gherardo," he cried, as he held pen and paper in hand to give him a receipt, "What is the matter?" Then looking out of the window, he beheld him running along at a furious pace, every one making way for him. The agent, shaking his head, (for he now thought him a little beside himself), returned to his accounts, regretting only that he had not received the money; while Messer Gherardo, who had all his wits about

him, as far as his interest was concerned, hastened to the house of his friend the goldsmith, anxious to ascertain the value of the toy, in lieu of the sum he had lost. When he heard it amounted to at least two hundred ducats, he suddenly bethought him of the richly dressed lady, who stood near him at mass, imagining he had seen it upon her arm, but of this he was not certain. He next conjectured she had played him a trick, but neither the time nor place seemed to warrant such a supposition. Besides he did not know her, nor she him, though he wished to learn where she lived. "I think I have guessed it though now," he exclaimed, as if a sudden bright thought had struck him, "My purse lay beside me; I was buried in profound devotion, and she, wanting money, thrust her hand into my money bag, and by accident left the bracelet behind her." Yet how to reconcile this, he thought, with so much fashion, beauty, and devotion, as she displayed? he felt ashamed of such an accusation, and tried to banish it from his mind. He resolved, however, to keep the bracelet, and quietly await the result, then returning in better spirits to settle his account with the agent, not without some jeers, he pretended to have forgotten the money, which, having now paid, he felt much happier and easier, and, with a smile on both sides, they took leave.

The next day, Messer Gherardo walking along the streets, observed, upon turning a corner, affixed to a pillar, the following advertisement in large letters: "*Lost or stolen, a rich gold bracelet, with handsome diamond clasps; whoever will restore it to the owner, by leaving it at the sacristy of Santo Marcuola, shall receive a handsome reward.*" Messer Gherardo, thunderstruck at these words, read them again and again, as he would otherwise have had no scruples in retaining the bracelet. As it was, however, such was the singularity of the case, that he could not help laughing, as he directed his steps towards the said sacristy; where, upon his arrival, he inquired for the curate. Taking him on one side, he said: "My reverend father, my business with you is no other than a confession, and if you will give me permission, I will inform you. But you must grant me one condition, without which I must take my leave as I came."—"Speak out," replied the curate; "What is it? if proper, it is granted." "Then," returned Messer Gherardo, "I am the man who found the bracelet; but I will never restore it, except it be to the lady herself. Now, I beg you will not attribute this to any suspicion, or any improper motive; only it will be far preferable, on the lady's account, that I should return it to her without other witnesses. If you will be so

good as to point out her abode to me, you may rely upon it, that I will go forthwith, like a good subject of the Catholic church, and return it to the owner; otherwise you must excuse me. I shall keep the bracelet, and without the slightest scruples of conscience." The curate replied: "To any person who should restore such an ornament, I have received orders to give three sequins, that he might treat himself to a good dram; but as to you, signor, you are perhaps not in want of one."—"Signor," retorted Messer Gherardo, "I would not return it for a hundred sequins; but if I may restore it into the lady's own hands, I will require nothing."—"My son," replied the curate, "I would recommend to you to entertain a little more reverence and holy fear of heaven. Surely you would not keep what is not yours; but as you seem resolved to restore it only to the lady, so be it. I will call my clerk, since you are so very obstinate, and he shall point out to you her dwelling." So, after accompanying him a little way, the little fat clerk said: "That is it, signor," pointing to a very handsome-looking and spacious house; and upon gaining admission he was shewn up a magnificent staircase into a large saloon, the walls all covered with silk linings, the sight of which made the mercer's heart glow; and such was his confusion at the idea of his temerity in

entering, that he could scarcely ascertain the quality of the silk. At first, he thought of making his escape, imagining that he had committed some gross blunder, and might be running his head into a great scrape. While doubtful in what way to act, but gradually edging out, a maid servant advanced from the staircase, crying, "Who is it? Pray who are you, and what do you want?" Half struck dumb, with his hat held politely in his hand, Messer Gherardo replied: "I wish to see the lady of the house, and if perfectly convenient to her ladyship, to be permitted to speak with her; and this he said in his usual style, when waiting on the great to receive commissions. "Madam," cried the girl, calling to her mistress in an adjacent apartment, "it is a gentleman who wishes to speak to you about some business."—"Then let him come. Why do not you shew him in?" answered a voice that startled our poor tradesman, as he hastened to obey her commands. Sitting in an easy chair, he discovered, on entering, the same identical beautiful lady whom he had seen at mass, a surprise that had almost cost him his life, for a few degrees more would infallibly have amounted to a fit of apoplexy. The lady looked full at Messer Gherardo, and grew pale as the wife of Lot when she was turned into a pillar of salt; in fact, she had

nearly swooned away; for it had never entered into her head, when she first missed her bracelet, that she could have left it behind on withdrawing her hand out of the old gentleman's purse. But such was her hurry to secure the ten pieces, which she effectually did, as she observed him absorbed in his devotions, that it is hardly surprising she was not aware of the loss of it, when it came unclasped. On the other hand, she concluded she must have lost it on the road from church, or she would never have had the folly to advertise it. Little did she think, then, such shame and exposure were reserved for her. But heaven, that frequently punishes guilty mortals in a way they least expect, never fails to overtake offenders. Messer Gherardo, in his turn, fixed his eyes upon the lady, whose looks were still directed towards him, neither of them uttering a word. At length, however, our tradesman, being naturally possessed of much presence of mind and discrimination, further disciplined by his habit of attending to all ranks and descriptions of purchasers, pulled the fatal bracelet from his pocket, and holding it by one end, proceeded to observe: "I am at a loss, Madam, to say in what manner the accident occurred; it is plain that you lost this bracelet, but the wretch has stolen ten sequins out of my purse. Yet you see I have caught him, and hold him

fast by the hair," shewing the bracelet in his hand; "and if he refuses to make restitution of my money, which is my heart's blood, I will put him into such durance, that you will never have the pleasure of beholding the offender again. I know that he is a familiar friend, very dear to you, and that you love him as well as woman ever loved such pretty things. For the sake of your reputation, and of your family, then, I would advise you to pay his fine, or I will take such revenge upon him, as will prove very disagreeable to you. If, on the other hand, you consent to pay what he owes me, the scandal of this affair shall go no further than ourselves, and I will set the thief free; not, however, without desiring you to give him a word of advice for the future, and a little correction at your hands, such as he will remember to the latest day of his life." In spite of her confusion, the lady could not avoid bursting into a fit of laughter, as he concluded; and upon recovering her presence of mind, she adopted the most prudent course, by walking to her desk, and taking out ten sequins, perhaps the identical pieces she had pilfered, and which had arrested the guilty bracelet in the very act. Turning towards Messer Gherardo, she said: "I vow, my dear Signor, that the moment the rogue had committed the deed, he ran away from me, dreading my

displeasure. Here is the money he stole; and since you are pleased to set him at liberty, and to keep the affair secret, which I entreat you to do, I shall consider myself eternally bound to you. As you say, I will keep him in order for the future, and prevent the possibility of his becoming guilty of such an offence again." She then counted the pieces into his hand, and received the bracelet in return; and after a few more ceremonies, the good man took his leave. It is certain that this lady was a woman of fashion, of respectable family and connexions, the wife of a wealthy citizen, too fond of gaiety and extravagance. Her husband not supplying her fast enough with money for dresses and play, she was in the habit of drawing from other resources, in the manner we have here detailed. It is thus that our errors and vices obscure the intellect, and lead us gradually into the abyss of ruin.

NOVELLA VIII.

As more lucky adepts than the lady, in the art of thieving, I shall proceed to give an account of three very accomplished geniuses in their way, namely, Carlo Foschino, Girolamo Petrani, and Menico Cedola, belonging to the city of ———. And, perhaps, as the scene of action did not lie in a church, and the spoils were but of inconsiderable value, heaven permitted the rogues to make their escape; otherwise they would have been placed in an awkward predicament, and might have found the grapes they plucked uncommonly sour, and such as would effectually have disgusted them with the fingering art in future.

It happened to be a year of great scarcity, and more especially in the province of O———; insomuch that the villagers died of hunger, while the grain, and vines of every kind, looked as if they had been ridden over by troops of horse, affording such a prospect as nearly drove the farmers and their landlords distracted. A fine time indeed for those who had nothing to do but eat the fruits of others! So that the owners were compelled to keep watch day and night, though the harvest was hardly worth the pains.

More for whim than want, Carlo Foschino agreed with his companions to make an attack on one of the vineyards, celebrated for the sweetness of its grapes, at Santo Martino di ——, which is situated at a short distance from the city; intending not only to eat as much as they liked, but to fill a good basket or two for future use. With this view each of them took his pannier under his arm, and sallying forth about midnight, they arrived at the land of promise, into which they cautiously entered. When once fairly in possession, they proceeded to clear the ground before them in great style, whispering one another at intervals, "How good they are!" "Yes, so sweet! what a flavour! quite exquisite! It is a real paradise for us hapless mortals;" and thus feasting and applauding, they did great execution, sweeping every thing before them, in order to get at fresh bunches, until they were fairly weary, and in danger of suffocation. Then drawing their well sharpened knives, they began afresh the work of destruction, filling their panniers with all the expedition in their power. They were proceeding merrily through a fine plantation, having finished the better half of their task, but could not avoid making a rustling noise with the branches, and scattering a few leaves; and the night being so still that a nest of ants at work would have

been heard, this was enough to rouse the jealousy of three armed myrmidons on watch, who, like men of war, were scouring those coasts, to give all freebooters a warm reception with their great rusty blunderbusses, and enormous slugs in any shape but round. Hearing a noise of the crashing of branches, one of the watchmen discharged his piece in that direction, while a sudden rush was made, and a cry set up, enough to shake the soul of a hero: "Thieves, thieves, that way! leap the ditch, shoot, kill them! oh, that is good, by San Bellino!" Yet heaven willed that the shot should miss its aim; and the wily robbers, not forgetting their panniers, started off at the sounds of vengeance they heard, using their utmost efforts to escape along a narrow path. The night was dark, and they often stumbled over the stalks of the vine or of the Indian corn, growing in the field, though without paying attention to the circumstance, the entangling and tearing and trampling of leaves giving them little chance of escape from their fierce pursuers, whose threatening cries sounded nearer and nearer, till they imagined they felt themselves run through the body. In this extremity Petrani whispered in a soft voice, as he continued running: "My friends, let us throw our panniers away, and have a chance for our lives!" To this Cedola replied, hardly able to draw

his breath, "You say well, let them go." "No, no," cried Foschino, "take heart, brothers, and leave the matter to me!" So forthwith he began to bellow as loud as he could, "Mercy upon me, that last shot has pierced me through; I am dying, though I did not feel it before; my blood is spouting out like new wine from the barrel!——Confirm what I say, you blockheads, and make your escape." Then Cedola began to cry, "Mercy, mercy upon us, try to get a little further: the wound is perhaps not mortal, and we will fetch you a surgeon." "No," replied the wily Foschino, in a dying voice, the better to keep up the cheat, "it is all over with me. Those cruel rascals have murdered a poor christian for eating a bunch of grapes; yet, by the Holy Virgin, they will have to swing for it! that is some consolation!" and thus saying, they proceeded with flying colours, their panniers heaped up with grapes. For the stupid watchmen, imagining all they heard to be true, began to consider the matter, and take more time. "Do you hear what he says?" cried one. "That I do," cried the second. "And you, do you hear?" they added to the third, one of the oldest cut-throats in all Italy. "Let them take it, by all the Saints, it is very well; they will obey the seventh commandment in future! I will go nearer, for I dare say they must have left

loads of grapes behind them, the wretches!" and they proceeded more cautiously in pursuit. Foschino hearing footsteps stealing along, afraid of discovery, and at the same time of losing the grapes, and receiving a good bastinado from the watchmen, resolved, as he felt himself quite wearied out, to go no further." "Leave me here to die, dear friends: I am only grieved that there is no priest at hand to confess me, but Heaven's will be done! fly, save yourselves! Remember me to my poor wife and children, and perform my last wish!" During this time the foolish watchmen were listening, as he continued to add, "Be witness that I leave my wife all I have, in trust for the benefit of our children after her, in equal portions; be kind to her and to them, and assist them to bring my body away to-morrow, that I may receive christian burial, and persuade my friends to offer up a few alms and masses for my poor soul. I feel that I am going now, and do you go too!" The rustics hearing these sad words, stopped, and now began to hold a colloquy upon this unlucky case; while Cedola and Petrani set up the most horrid lamentations, wringing their hands and sobbing as if their hearts would break. "Nay, do not give way to despair, a plague upon the watchmen! they will hang for it; and upon the grapes! we may indeed call

them sour. Well, we have the comfort to think that the watchmen will be hanged if you die; they were only to take us into custody, not to take our lives. There never was such a piece of barbarity, such a wilful murder, since the world began. See how he bleeds, poor fellow! he will not live long. Come, let them even kill us all, since they have killed our best friend, a gentleman who only joined us for a frolic. Let the wretches dip their hands in the blood of us all! but we are men of quality, and they shall smart for it." Upon hearing these words and cries so boldly uttered, the guards concluded it to be a serious affair, and being really afraid that they had killed the gentleman, began to think of running in their turn. But when they next heard him say, in a feeble and lamentable voice, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,*" they could no longer control their fright, but took to their heels, just as they heard the others utter, "He is dead, he is gone for ever; cold, cold, my friend!" and a fresh ululation was set up, which added wings to the flight of the watchmen. This done, they departed at their leisure, the dead man leading the way with the panniers. When the watch ventured to stop, one of them said, "Who shot him, think you? it was not I, I am sure;" "Nor I;" "Nor I." "Well, but," said another,

"you agreed that I should fire." "True, but you should have shot over his head, and not through his body." "Well," replied the man, "I thought I did shoot high up, into the air: I wonder how it could have killed him;" and thus, each speaking in his own defence, full of fear and trembling, they returned home, but were unable to sleep a wink that night; while the three knaves, having recovered from their terror, were enjoying themselves comfortably over their panniers of grapes. In the morning, the thieves gave an account of their adventure, which threw their auditors into such fits of laughter, that some have not ceased, even to this day. As for the poor rustics, although they never found the corpse, or had any charge brought against them, they yet continue uneasy and suspicious, having the fear of the gallows perpetually before their eyes, and not having courage to make any inquiries into the affair, lest they should betray themselves, and raise suspicions that they had been guilty of so wicked a homicide.

Luigi Bramieri.

LUIGI BRAMIERI,

AN ADVOCATE OF PLACENZA, WHO FLOURISHED DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

HISTORICAL NOVEL,

DRAWN FROM THE ROMAN ANNALS, ENTITLED

"INSTANCE OF FRATERNAL AFFECTION."

AFTER the death of the great Julius, who fell a victim to his own inordinate ambition, and the ferocious love of liberty in others; a liberty which had no longer force to sustain itself, shaken to its very foundations by the altered character of the people; the terrific Triumvirs commenced their sanguinary reign. Enemies no less of the people than of each other, they contested the empire of the world; being unanimous only in satiating their revenge by a general proscription, which laid the heads of all their private enemies at their feet; disguising their savage cruelty under the hypocritical pretext of consulting the public good. In the immense list of names to be sacrificed at the will of the cowardly, jealous, and mean-spirited Octavius, was found that of Lucius Cæsar,

maternal uncle to Marc Antony, one of the three triumvirs.

That wretched and abandoned character, on whom nature had lavished some of her choicest gifts, had become addicted to almost every species of vice, and frequently been the object of the most eloquent invectives and startling denunciations from the prophetic lips of Tully ; ever mindful of which, he had already slaked his thirst of vengeance in that great orator's blood. He then continued at Rome, in order personally to inspect the execution of his savage decrees, apparently feasting his eyes with the sight of lifeless trunks and lacerated limbs, belonging to the most virtuous citizens, who were unable to avoid his rage.

Lucius Cæsar himself imagined he could devise no surer method of escape, than by taking refuge in the mansion of his sister Julia. Having been brought up with one another from infancy, nearly of the same age, and greatly resembling each other in point of character and virtue, their mutual devotion and attachment were without bounds; the ties of blood being further cemented by lasting esteem and friendship. Marc Antony's mother expressed the most heroic contempt for the unjust and cruel decrees of the Triumvirate, though the penalty of death was incurred by any per-

son giving asylum to their proscribed friends. Most probably too, she believed that her own mansion would be respected; that his barbarous emissaries would not dare to violate the sanctity of those walls, in which the mother of one of the tyrants was known to reside. For some time, indeed, the unhappy man experienced the benefit of her influence, amidst the surrounding wreck; still, it was a doubtful tranquillity, and the anxiety under which he laboured was little less painful than that fate which so many of his friends had experienced. But the society and constant attentions of his beloved sister, soon began to make life appear more and more sweet to him; and especially as he perceived that the fiercest among the centurions, never ventured to approach his sister Julia's gates.

One day, however, it happened that a certain officer of the band, either more desperate than his associates, or actuated by that species of fury that is known to take possession of the human breast in moments of bloodshed, having penetrated the secret of his retreat, instantly set out, followed by others bearing the terrific instruments of their power, towards the dwelling of the noble matron, and knocked furiously for admission at the gates. Her faithful handmaids instantly ran, winged with terror, to their

mistress, acquainting her that the house was surrounded with armed men, leaving no possible chance of escape.

The affrighted lady, in her first surprise, ran in distraction from room to room, anxious to find some secret refuge; then weeping, and almost abandoned to despair, she clasped her poor brother in her arms, and shed over him a torrent of tears. Her beloved Lucius, believing every embrace would be the last, trembled as he imagined he beheld before him the fearful ensigns of death. At length somewhat recovering her composure, and summoning a firmer spirit, the lady resolved to encounter the fierce invaders of her mansion. To the centurion, who having been refused admittance, was proceeding to force an entrance, the noble matron addressed herself in this truly Roman strain: "Thou vile and bloody miscreant! tool of the most inhuman and pitiless tyrants! think not thou wilt ever reach my Lucius! No, thy weapon, stained with virtuous and innocent blood, shall make its way over this body only, that bore the impious monster you call your master, and whom it terrifies me to call my son: a son, oh ye Gods! who has armed those hands against his mother, and his mother's brother! What can he have left to add to his crimes?"

The majestic gravity and earnestness of her tone, her unshaken firmness, and the energetic warmth of her manner, were irresistible; and humanity and reason, addressing them in so holy and beautiful a guise, seemed, at least for the moment, to resume their sway over the indurated hearts of the wretches. The name of her son, at the same time, appeared to recal them to a sense of duty; and turning away in shame and silence, the centurion led his fierce companions to more sure, though less daring scenes of blood.

The noble matron, overjoyed at hearing the sound of their footsteps dying gradually away, hastened to reassure her brother. At the same time she was sensible that she must consider such a visit as a signal of other dangers threatening him, near at hand. Long and deeply did she consider a variety of schemes for his more permanent safety, and finally formed a resolution of a noble and perilous nature, which she carried into immediate execution. With the boldness of innocence and virtue, she sallied forth alone; she courageously bent her steps towards the forum, where Marc Antony, with his two colleagues, was seen seated upon the tribunal, and confronting them with the utmost intrepidity, she said, "I come hither to accuse myself! That compassion, to which the unhappy and unjustly persecuted are entitled,

added to the tenderest affection which grew up with me from my infant years, has led me to give an asylum to one of your proscribed victims. Perhaps thou knowest him," she continued, fixing her eyes upon Marc Antony; "perhaps thy hand trembled as it added his name to the fatal list. It is Lucius Cæsar, my own brother, and thy uncle; I stand therefore before my son, under sentence of death. Execute it! I ought to rejoice at it, in a period when no virtuous person must be allowed to live!" Here she was silent, and stood unmoved before the tribunal, awaiting their reply. The eyes of Marc Antony were bent upon the ground; for such a moving and heroic appeal from the lips of his mother, he was quite unprepared; and some remains of natural affection, and the ties of kindred, some faint recollections of younger and better days, when the love of virtue was not extinct, became visible in the struggles of his countenance, which he could not quite repress. The other triumvirs, likewise, could not avoid testifying marks of reverence and surprise, on witnessing in the heroic Julia such matronly dignity, elevation of soul, and generous affection displayed towards a brother. Though perfectly aware of the reckless ferocity of their character, which had rendered them so fatally formidable to all

their fellow-citizens, and to all their relatives, she had not hesitated to confront them upon the very throne of their power; and in taking them by surprise, she produced the effect she had intended and desired. They could not repress their admiration; the decree against the life of Lucius was annulled; and the affectionate sister flew into her brother's arms, and sobbed out the delightful tidings which she could not utter. Well did the lofty minded matron deserve the fame she acquired by so tried and heroic an attachment; and well may history preserve her memory fresh and green, as one of the most illustrious examples of sisterly devotion, in the most fearful and trying times.

Robustiano Gironi.

ROBUSTIANO GIRONI.

NOVELLA I.

How greatly do those young men deceive themselves who, impatient under the restraint of parental wisdom, sigh only for the moment when they shall be freed from every kind of subjection, and enabled to give full sway to their own inclinations. Alas! their inexperience blinds them to the future: they are not yet aware that the most tranquil and delightful hours of existence, are such as are enjoyed under the watchful, but gentle eye of guardians, distinguished by their superior worth and prudence. And when at length they have attained their object, they find themselves either overwhelmed with domestic troubles, or wearied with the repetition of those very pleasures which they fondly imagined would constitute their supreme felicity. Not unfrequently they become a prey to unforeseen cares and calamities, and live long enough to revert with aching eye and heart, to the scenes of their childhood, and their early education,

with all the associations and recollections they conjure up; days which are to return no more!

Would that the following tale might confer any sort of benefit by way of example; by serving to impress this great truth deeply upon their minds, that, constituted as we are, we can encounter no risks in life more imminent than such as result from giving way to our own inclinations and passions.

Constanza Landolfi, a lady possessed of great wealth, and of noble descent, in the city of Turin, was left a widow in the bloom of her youth and beauty. She nevertheless preferred the pleasing task of educating her two young sons to the most splendid offers of any second nuptial engagement. All her most anxious efforts were directed to the formation of their tender minds, and all her hopes of happiness were involved in their success. With the warmest maternal solicitude, she sought to develope their feelings, while she cultivated their minds, and instructed them in the elements of human knowledge. Heaven seemed to smile on her labours; her boys became endeared to all around them; and surely from such a beginning she had a right to augur the happiest and most flattering results.

When their more advanced age seemed to require it, Constanza became desirous of adding the advice

and instructions of the most distinguished masters to what she had already done. In no branch of liberal art or science, did she omit to give them all those advantages that were calculated to render them most happy in themselves, and most useful to their friends and to their country.

Gismondo, the eldest of her sons, rewarded, almost beyond his mother's hopes, her affectionate care and tenderness. As he became more fully capable of appreciating her motives, and the many sacrifices she had so cheerfully made, his filial gratitude and tenderness knew no bounds, and he looked forward to the period of her maternal care, when he should become master of his own actions, rather with a feeling of regret than pleasure. Roberto, some years younger than his brother, with a genius every way superior in the acquisition either of science or of art, was at the same time of a prouder spirit, and far more impatient of restraint, however gently imposed. Perhaps this was the only fault that cast a shade over the many bright and excellent qualities that adorned Roberto's mind. At the slightest correction he became indignant and ungovernable as a young and fiery steed that champs the bit. Inconstant in his youthful sports, he was no less so in the germs of his unfolding passions. Often, when at a loss to de-

fend himself, he would plead the example of his young contemporaries, who enjoyed more freedom in their education; while his envy would as often manifest itself in words like the following, addressed to his mother: "Why is young ——, also of a rich and noble family, and not older than I, permitted to frequent public places, and go wherever he pleases?" To which his mother would prudently return: "Beware, my son, of adducing the example of others for such a purpose; and strive rather to emulate those virtuous youths, whose strongest ambition is to meet the wishes of their parents. Cannot you perceive the ridiculous figure which such examples as you mention, always make in society, in consequence of their premature introduction? Have you never heard how early they become initiated in the ways of vice and folly, and stand on the very brink of ruin? But too swiftly will the term of your education expire, like the beams of a fine summer morning; and vainly shall you sigh for a return." Roberto, no longer able to resist the truths thus gently enforced, would then yield, and kiss the hand stretched forth in token of forgiveness. Yet few days would elaspe before the same scene was repeated: the excellent admonitions of his mother produced no deeper impression upon him, than the drops of a passing shower upon the thirsty earth.

The day at length arrived, when his brother Gismondo came into possession of his fortune, freed from all restraint, and prepared to act his part on the great theatre of the world. When master of his own actions, he swerved in nothing from his mother's gentle counsels; he frequented the society she most approved; and in the choice of his friends, as well as in a still more intimate connexion, he felt happy in being chiefly influenced by her maternal wishes. And heaven seemed to shower its choicest blessings on his union with an excellent and lovely woman, who presented him with the most beautiful pledges of their passion. Meanwhile, it was not thus that the period of Roberto's emancipation approached: he was rejoiced beyond measure at the idea of becoming his own master, and looked down with contempt on his brother's weakness, declaring that he knew not how to avail himself of the riches and advantages he possessed. In truth, he no sooner felt himself at liberty, than, resolving to avoid all kind of maternal influence and superintendence, he divided with his brother the fortune left by their father, and quitted his native place. This imprudent determination was a great shock to his mother's feelings, who left no means untried to dissuade him from it; but tears and prayers were alike unavailing; not even the offer of a splendid and happy

alliance had any charms to detain him. The desire of complete freedom, which he ill understood, and the pressing entreaties of treacherous friends, easily triumphed over all his better feelings.

Abandoning then his native country, accompanied by two friends in whom he reposed the most perfect confidence, he converted his whole property into ready money, and set out for Rome. There he resided upwards of two years, and occasionally gave notice of his proceedings to his relatives, who had taken care to procure for him the attentions of the most respectable and illustrious families in that city, fondly trusting that their countenance and influence might preserve him from the errors and vices of his age. Often would his excellent mother flatter herself that he would rise superior to his early foibles and extravagance, and return to his native place. But she had soon the grief to hear that he had departed from Rome without leaving any intimation whither he had turned his footsteps. Her regrets and her inquiries were all equally unavailing, and she began to despair of reaping the least reward for the unceasing toils and anxieties of years. The sole comfort and consolation she experienced was in the society and caresses of her dear Gismondo, and his children, who promised to be as beautiful and virtuous as their pa-

rents: to these, then, all her cares and affection were in a short time transferred.

About this period, a charitable society was formed in the city of Turin, composed of pious ladies, with a view of relieving the wants of the poor and sick who languished in the public hospitals. Of this, Constanza became one of the most zealous members, distributing the most liberal sums out of her private fortune, wherever they were most called for. Accompanied by a single domestic, she was in the habit, every morning, of inspecting the different apartments in the hospital, with a truly Christian spirit distributing food, and clothes, and consolation, to such as were reduced to the last extremity of wretchedness. It happened one day, that in passing near one of the sick couches, she heard a deep sigh that affected her to the heart. She stopped, and upon hearing it again repeated, softly drew near. Heavens! what a sight did she behold! her lost son lay stretched on the wretched pallet before her—it was Roberto himself. He raised his feeble arms; his face was deluged with tears; he had not strength even to embrace his mother. "My son, my son," cried Constanza, in a tone of piercing anguish, "do I find you thus?" He strove a moment to reply, but weakness and surprise quite choked his utterance. Having, in some degree, succeeded in

restoring his strength, the virtuous Constanza ordered him to be removed with the utmost caution to her own residence. There, owing to the assiduous attentions of his mother and the skill of the physicians whom she employed, Roberto so far recovered his exhausted strength in the course of a few days, as to be enabled to give some account of the misfortunes he had met with. But first, he entreated that the sons of his brother Gismondo might be sent for, and then affectionately pressing the hand of his mother to his lips, he began to relate his unhappy story.

"On my arrival at Rome with my two friends, of whose perfidy I too late became sensible, I plunged into every species of extravagance and dissipation. To remove every kind of obstacle or annoyance that presented itself in my abandoned career, I transferred the whole economy of my household to the hands of my two friends, reserving only a few bills of exchange which I wished to keep myself. My companions were indefatigable in their attention to my caprices; they omitted nothing that was likely to please me; the most splendid parties, the richest feasts, plays, games, and amusements, were all enjoyed in turn; while I vied with the most fashionable and wealthy in the magnificence of my entertainments.

"Wearied, however, with the expostulations of some of the most distinguished families in the place, who, at the entreaty of my mother, were desirous of snatching me from ruin, I soon resolved to quit Rome. In company with the same friends, and with a numerous procession of coaches and lacqueys, I next arrived at Naples. I engaged one of the most splendid residences I could find, magnificently furnished, where I received a crowd of personages, who seemed to hang only on my smiles, and who yet boasted of their vast wealth and illustrious descent. But worse than all these, a wretched and misguided passion next took possession of my bosom, and I became a victim to the most artful and abandoned of women. Boundless in my extravagance, I poured a profusion of wealth into her lap. The bitterest pangs of rage and jealousy were my reward: she would then attempt to soothe and flatter me, thus subjecting me to every variety of humiliation and suffering. For her sake I engaged in the most absurd and perilous quarrels, and mortally defied a rival to the field. Fortunately, the magistrates of the city here interfered, and prevented the loss, perhaps, of my worthless existence. Such is the picture of my life during that period; but mine was a career too wild, abandoned, and disorderly, to continue long. My strength began to fail

me, a perpetual fever preyed upon my health and spirits, and in a short period I lay stretched upon a sick couch. In about ten days after, my two friends, approaching my bedside, said, they came to acquaint me that all the ready money with which I had entrusted them for the management of my affairs was now spent, that further supplies were necessary, to obtain the advice and attendance of which I stood in need, as well as to keep up my usual magnificent establishment, which, notwithstanding my decayed health, I had insisted should be done.

Without the least suspicion, therefore, I entrusted them with the key of my escrutoire, in order to supply me with all that was become necessary. But what was my confusion and despair, when I learned, the ensuing day, that these two perfidious and ungrateful wretches had actually taken ship for England! Reduced and feeble as I was, I started from my couch in an agony of fear, and ran to inspect my papers; but not a remnant of my bills, amounting to above forty thousand francs, was left; bills too which I had deposited in my most secret drawer. Suddenly, then, I beheld myself standing upon a precipice, and the abyss into which I was destined to fall was yawning for me beneath. In this bitter extremity no other suggestion presented itself more

promising than that of applying to the persons upon whom I had lavished so much of my wealth; but they all agreed in alleging various excuses for abandoning me to my fate. To complete my disaster, I was informed that I was in debt for the splendid mansion I occupied, to an extent that would require the whole of my furniture to discharge it. The only being from whom I met with the least sympathy, was one of the physicians who attended me. To him I confided the history of my disasters and of my errors: he consoled me, he took me to his own house, and attended me with the utmost care. Oh, may heaven reward him for all his goodness to me! In a few weeks he restored me to health; and, encouraged by his kindness, I resolved to abandon a place that had proved so fatal to my repose. He furnished me with the means to do this, and with tears of gratitude I bade him farewell. I was fortunate enough to reach Bologna; but there I was seized with a violent fever, which deprived me of a part of the little fund I possessed. Scarcely half recruited, I resumed my journey, for the most part on foot, or in such wretched conveyances as I could command. At length I, with difficulty, reached my native place, broken in spirit and in health. How could I thus appear in the presence of my dear mother and my brother? No; I came

to the resolution of seeking refuge in the hospital, where you, my kindest mother, just now discovered me."

Roberto's narrative awakened feelings of the liveliest compassion in all who listened to it. His affectionate mother left no means untried to restore him once more to health. She entreated him to take heart, for that he should share with her more than the fortune he had lost. But Roberto's spirits had received too severe a shock; his health declined daily and hourly, and the care both of the physicians and of his friends was now alike useless. In a few months after his return he breathed his last, and his end was happier than his life. Heaven was at least kind to him in thus permitting him to breathe his last sigh on the bosom of so excellent and affectionate a mother.

THE END.

J. M'Creery, Tooks Court,
Chancery Lane, London.